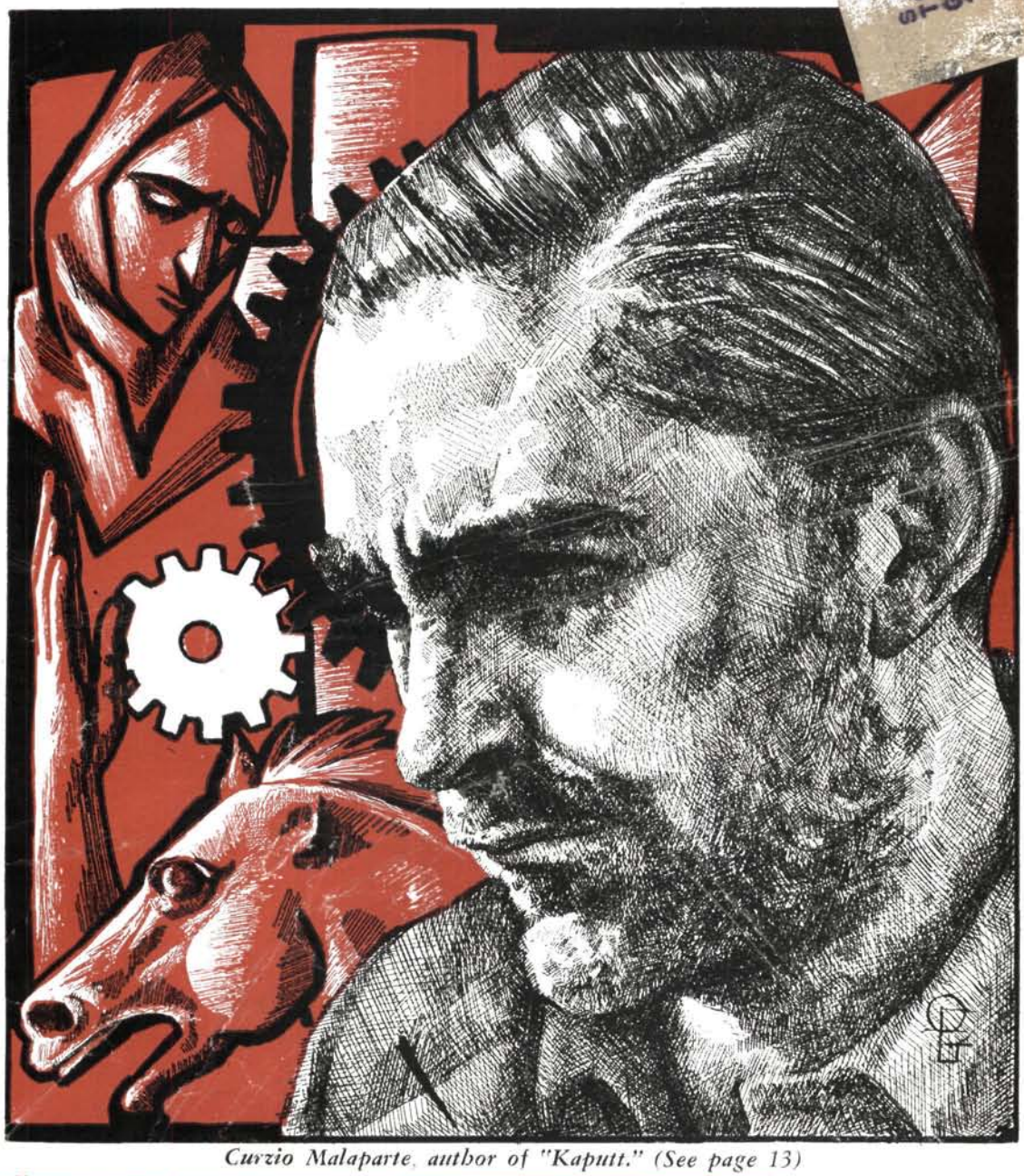
NOV 18 46

The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

694 TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY GREENEVILLE TENN

VOLUME XXIX No. 46 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1946 FIFTEEN CENTS



Curzio Malaparte, author of "Kaputt." *(See page 13)*

Do Writers Need An "AAA"?

By JAMES M. CAIN and JAMES T. FARRELL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

King Jesus

THE magnificent portrayal
of the King of the Jews,
told with beauty
and simplicity by the master
of the historical novel.

ROBERT GRAVES

A Religious Book Club Recommendation

$3.00 AT ALL BOOKSTORES

CREATIVE AGE PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Article PAGE

DO WRITERS NEED AN "AAA"?
By James M. Cain and James T. Farrell..... 9

Reviews

LABOR AND THE LAW
By Charles O. Gregory
Reviewed by Lloyd K. Garrison.....11

KAPUTT
By Curzio Malaparte
Reviewed by Robert Pick.....13

UNDER THE RED SEA SUN
By Commander Edward Ellsberg
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt.....14

FIREBRAND. THE LIFE OF DOSTOEVSKY
By Henry Troyat
Reviewed by Ernest J. Simmons....15

LORD WEARY'S CASTLE
By Robert Lowell

FAMILY CIRCLE
By Eve Merriam

DOOMSDAY'S CUE
By Robert Tallman
Reviewed by Jeremy Ingalls.....16

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA
By Franz Kafka
Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf.....17

CASUALTY
By Robert Lowry
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....21

BLIND ALLEY
By Georges Simenon
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman....21

UNEASY SPRING
By Robert Molloy
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay 26

REALLY THE BLUES
By Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe
Reviewed by Richard B. Gehman....28

FRENCH FOLLIES AND OTHER STORIES
By Francis Steegmuller
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman.....30

DREAM STREET
By Robert Sylvester
Reviewed by Pfc. Arthur C. Fields..32

THAT HAGEN GIRL
By Edith Roberts
Reviewed by Grace Frank.....34

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

EDITORIAL 18

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....19

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....22

LITERARY I.Q.....26

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....36

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....42

LITERARY CRYPT.....45

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....46

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....48

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 660.....51

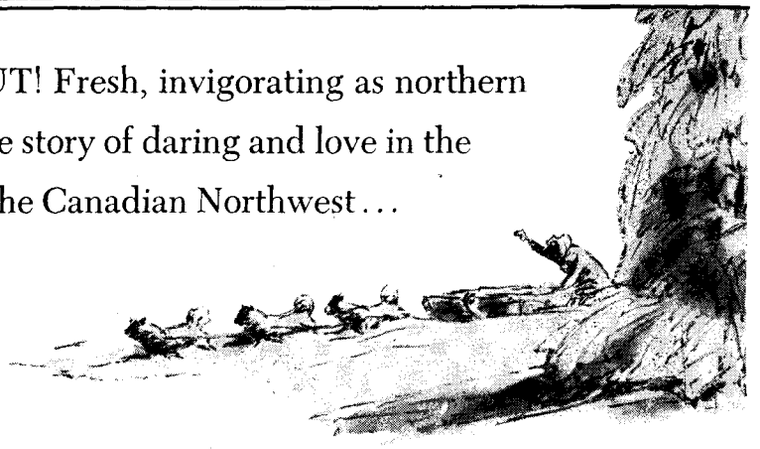
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Memeber of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXIX, No. 46, November 16, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1870. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

New England Office
176 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.

Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.

Pacific Coast Offices
235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco 4, Calif.
411 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles 14, Calif.

JUST OUT! Fresh, invigorating as northern air—a true story of daring and love in the wilds of the Canadian Northwest...



MINK, MARY AND ME

Chick Ferguson

Here is Chick Ferguson's story of life in the freezing north with his courageous young bride—of their baby—of fishing, canoeing, running a trapline together. The story of a dangerous, lonely, but independent life, and of a love that knew no turning back.

An expert with gun or pen alike, Chick Ferguson knows nature and wild animals and how to write about them. His story is as challenging as the country it tells about.

At your bookstore $3.50

•

HIDDEN SEASON

Robert Sturgis

AND PUBLISHED BY
MILL

This warm, timely novel tells of one man's second chance. It was a new Steve Colson who came back to New York from the army—back to Aunt Jennifer, once a great actress, his frail but wise guide—to Kay, still beautiful, still aloof—to a life shining with new possibilities.

At your bookstore $2.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUNMAN'S GOSSIP

FOR the first time in three years a full-length Saint novel is being published. This is news to all mystery readers who like the fast-hitting and slow-speaking character who was so ably portrayed on the screen by George Sanders.

The Saint is a particular species all his own. Technically known to experts in the field as Simon Templar (family Robinhoodicus), natural habitat, England although frequently found in America, France, and other areas where the ungodly are too rich. Easily identified by nonchalance, great physical prowess, and a quick wit. Hard to recognize by police or underworld, although both regard him as poisonous. Others accept him as of value to society. Familiar markings of small line drawing left all over his works.

In the earlier Saint books, Simon Templar amused himself by outdoing those wealthy rascals who were safe from the law but were oppressing the less fortunate. The Saint made it a practice to rob and terrify these evil doers, spending part of the proceeds on his own lavish establishment, and the balance going to charity. Time has gradually brought more of a social consciousness to the fearless modern-day Robin Hood, and he is now concentrating on definite enemies of society who couldn't be unearthed by normal legal processes.

Probably no recent mystery has brought to light a more repulsive group of people than the little gang who make their headquarters in the New York night-club called "Cookie's Cellar." It is a joy to watch The Saint wade into this mess and outsmart, outfight, and eventually wipe out this horrid collection of people and clean up a ghastly traffic. **THE SAINT SEES IT THROUGH** is a book which will please all fans of LESLIE CHARTERIS.

* * *

The wealth of good material that comes in to the Crime Club makes it increasingly difficult to make a monthly "selection." When you look over ANNE NASH'S **UNHAPPY RENDEZVOUS**, CHARLOTTE MURRAY RUSSELL'S **THE BAD NEIGHBOR MURDERS**, and RAYMOND KNOTTS' **MEETING BY MOONLIGHT**, you can see the high-class competition for the choice. It's certainly safe to ask for any Crime Club Book—they're all so good.

The Gunman

THE CRIME CLUB

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

●● In Moscow, a radio report claimed a sale of over 31 million copies in eight years for a book called "A Short History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union" by a Mr. Joseph Stalin. "The sale was effected," the report continued, "without special exploitation." Russian literati, however, seem to recognize a useful household decoration when they see it!

●● In the Colony Restaurant, Michael Arlen told Dorothy Kilgallen why he hadn't written a novel for a long time: "You know those charming people I used to write about? I can't stand them any more!"

●● In New York, Universal Pictures beat two publishing houses to the draw and rented major space in the new skyscraper being erected at 57th Street and Park Avenue. Universal will occupy eight of the twenty-one floors, paying an annual rental of over four hundred thousand dollars. The structure will be named the Universal Pictures Building.

●● In Westport, William McFee declared, "What I love best about the ocean is the peace, which passes all understanding. Going to sea has all the advantages of suicide without any of its inconveniences."

●● In "That Man in the Kitchen" (Houghton Mifflin), Malcolm La Prade, vice president of Thomas Cook and Son, ventures into dangerous territory by declaring, "Both man and wife would be much happier if the male did more of the cooking. Only men make really good cooks!"

●● In Paris, the manuscript of an unpublished novel by Dumas the Elder has come to light. It is called "The Red Sphinx," and its central character is Richelieu. Simon & Schuster have the inside track.

●● In Lanesville, Mass., authoress Natalie Shipman has converted an abandoned stone quarry into a private swimming pool, with a glass-bottom boat and a trained seal who balances a rubber tray on his nose, and, so help me, serves incredulous guests with vaguely fish-scented cocktails.

●● In London, George Orwell, author of "Animal Farm," viewed book reviewers with a jaundiced eye, wrote for *The New Republic*, "The best practice, it has always seemed to me, would be simply to ignore the great majority of books and give very long reviews—1,000 words is a bare minimum—to the few that seem to matter. . . . The usual middle-length review of about 600 words is bound to be worthless even if the reviewer genuinely wants to write it. Normally he doesn't want to. . . . In much more than nine cases out of ten the only

"Have you anything in stripes?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

objectively truthful criticism would be, 'This book is worthless'."

●● In juvenile departments, Clip Boutell's "The Fat Baron" and Marion Lister's "Big Brother and Little Brother" are clicking nicely. Margaret Wise Brown's unique "Little Fur Family" is making the fur fly in more ways than one. The book all parents seem to be buying at one time is the new Gessell-Ilg study, "The Child from Five to Ten." Like its predecessor, "Infant and Child in the Culture of Today," this remarkable book promises to be a best seller for many years to come.

●● In New York, D. and L. Tillett, with a bow to George Macy, announce a line of "limited edition neckties." Each design will be used on "only fifty ties."

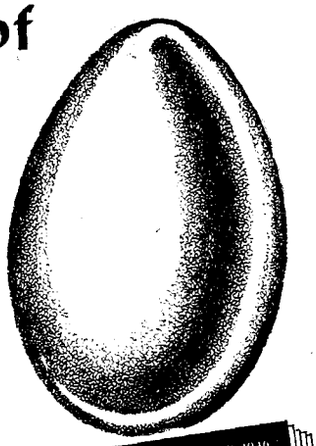
●● In the Simon & Schuster Inner Sanctum, executives impatiently waited for Dr. Liebman's "Peace of Mind" to nudge "The Egg and I" out of the Number One non-fiction slot. Leon Shimkin's suggestion: "Let's change the title from 'Peace of Mind' to 'The Ego and I'!"

●● In Westwood, Groucho Marx and Harry Ruby visited Bob Campbell's bookshop. Groucho bought a dozen or more new books. "Mr. Marx," said the comely clerk, "you're a man after my own heart." "Yes," agreed Groucho, "and that's not all I'm after."

AN ODD FEATURE of Curtis Bok's "I Too, Nicodemus," is the preface, which runs to 315 pages. The text of the book itself runs to 30. The author is the grandson of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, and a leading member of the American Friends Service Committee, which will spend millions this year in rehabilitation projects throughout the world. To this same committee, incidentally, will go every penny of royalties earned by Chester Bowles's "Tomorrow Without Fear.". . . "Earth and High Heaven," Gwethalyn Graham's fine novel, was set in Montreal, and Samuel Goldwyn, determined to make this the crowning picture of his career, dispatched a group of film experts, including scenarist Howard Koch and publicist Lynn Farnol, to the Canadian metropolis to soak up local color. Farnol writes:

> In our few days there the project grew into a semi-official civic enterprise. "Earth and High Heaven" will be to Montreal what "Gone with the Wind" was to Atlanta. The mayor and the press were wonderful to us. Gwethalyn Graham is a gay and charming person, as well as a perfect guide. The whole trip was stim-

The "Inside" Story of THE EGG and I the ATLANTIC



ATLANTIC readers were chuckling over *The Egg and I* long before it hatched into book form. For this runaway bestseller first saw printers' ink as an Atlantic Monthly serial!

Publication of *The Egg and I* in the Atlantic was no fluke. Four out of five Atlantic serials become bestsellers — among them such favorites as *Yankee from Olympus* and *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*. When you read an Atlantic serial, the chances are 4 to 1 that you are reading a future bestseller!

Atlantic short stories are at the top of the heap, also. This year, for instance, Atlantic stories took three of the four O. Henry prize awards, including the First Prize! No wonder Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is joining with the Atlantic in making two Awards — the first of $1500, the second of $750—for those Atlantic "Firsts" of greatest promise.

Lively, Stimulating Articles, Too

In fact as well as in fiction . . . in inspiration as well as in exposition . . . the Atlantic leads. Einstein, Archibald MacLeish, Ralph Ingersoll, Governor Arnall of Georgia and scores of other outstanding thinkers and doers reveal their views to you first when you read the Atlantic. And each month *The Atlantic Report on the World Today* brings you a lucid, vivid summary of the previous thirty days—written with the detached perspective that only a monthly report can provide in these confusing times.

START WITH THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

Read *Enemies of Production* by Robert R. Young, Chairman of the Board of the Alleghany Corporation and of the Chesapeake & Ohio. The man who made railroad history when he wrote the famous advertisement, "A hog can cross the country without changing trains but YOU can't!" . . . the man who is a maverick among industrialists . . . tells us what's wrong with our thinking, our politics and our economy in straight-from-the-shoulder fashion. Read also the poignant story *The Girl Without a Name;* you will learn more about the subtle evil that threatens us in Germany today than if you boned over volumes of factual studies. Read *What's Wrong with the Family?* if you have ever said to yourself, "My marriage may not be a failure—but it's certainly far from the ideal I once pictured." Read about Don Marquis at the Players' Club — an unforgettable picture by his intimate, Chester T. Crowell . . . read a great-hearted Profile of President Neilson of Smith College by Mrs. Dwight Whitney Morrow . . . a spirited defense of the integrity of "Top Secret" by its author, Ralph Ingersoll . . . a nostalgic account of his boyhood by Sergei Prokofieff . . . plus other articles, stories, poems and features to a grand, grand total of 32.

7 months of the Atlantic for $2.50

DON'T BOTHER ABOUT A CHECK—BILL WILL BE SENT LATER. REGULAR PRICE $5 A YEAR

Fill out and mail this coupon at once (no need to send money). It will bring you the equivalent of 7 big books for only $2.50. The Atlantic runs over 164,000 words per issue — one of the most generous portions served by any magazine anywhere.

STILL TIME . . .

to start *Command Decision*, the tense and moving novel by William Wister Haines. Second installment appears in November issue. Command Decision is now being dramatized by Jed Harris for early Broadway production . . . is sure soon to be one of America's most discussed books and plays.

The Atlantic Monthly
8 Arlington Street
Boston 16, Mass.

Please send me the ATLANTIC for 7 months. Bill me at the special rate of $2.50. Check here if enclosing payment. ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ 2E

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rinehart
& COMPANY · INCORPORATED
Publishers

Home to Grandma's

SIX-YEAR-OLD Fenella rocked softly in the seat as the train sped southward. She talked with Mama or watched through the windows — happy and absorbed in a new adventure.

Across the car she saw a sign . . .

"Why does it say COLORED, Mama?"

"It means that the door is for colored people to use, honey."

"Colored people like you and me?" Fenella asked—

"Yes, honey," Mama said—and the train streaked South . South

You can read Home to Grandma's in a new collection of distinguished short stories by ELIZABETH ENRIGHT:

Borrowed Summer

$2.50 at all bookstores

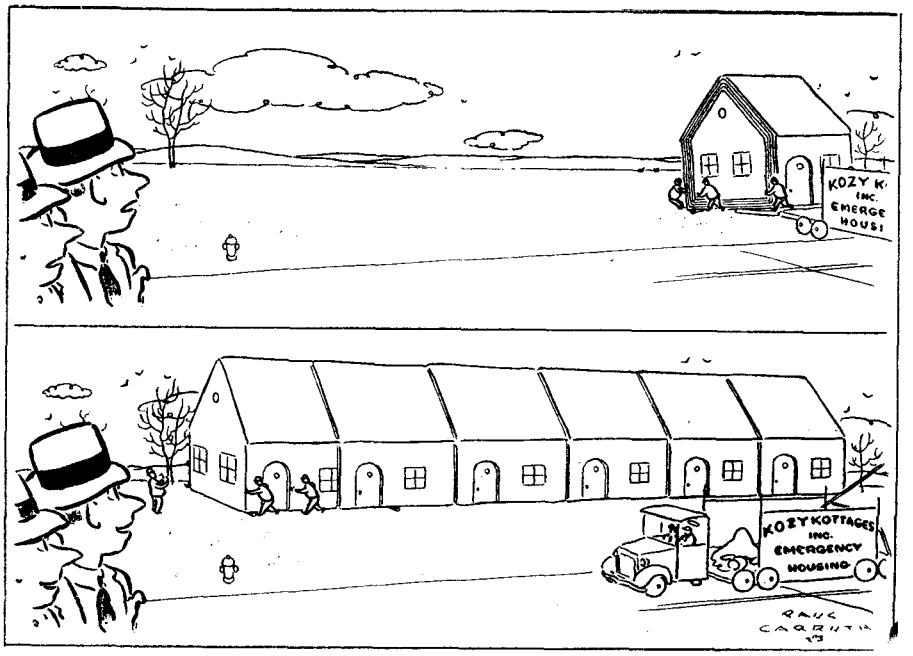
Playwrights Earn Fortunes

Possibly you, too, can win fame and fortune with a Broadway or Hollywood "smash hit". Write for full particulars about a series of playwrighting lessons now available by mail for first time. Prepared by a man who studied under the instructor of America's leading playwrights; have been given to university and other students for past 15 years resulting in over 100 stage productions. Lessons include instructions on marketing scripts. Write: "Playwrighting by Mail", 400 Cutler Building, Rochester 4, N. Y.

HOW TO START A STORE

A rental library and greeting card shop can make you independent faster, and with less effort, than almost any other small-capital business. Detailed instructions given in reliable new business report, $1.00 postpaid.

MARKET RESEARCH ASSOCIATES
7905 EVANS CHICAGO 19, ILL.



ulating and heartening—a reaffirmation of the integrity of Hollywood. This will be one picture where the plot of the novel will be undisturbed, and the issues and characters will get fair play. . . .

HUNTERDON COUNTY, New Jersey, is just across the Delaware River from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and, though not so well known, perhaps, it harbors almost as many celebrities in the arts: Glenway Wescott, Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney, J. C. and Helen Furnas, the Paul Gallicos, Kenyon Nicholson, the Walter Darwin Teagues, the Donald Klopfers, Doris Schneider and Harry Hatcher, Paul Whiteman, Kurt Wiese, Martha Albrand, Monroe Wheeler, and a score of others. Aside from such notables, Hunterdon County's population is not too well heeled, or especially interested in world affairs. A group of gallant ladies, however, in this typical farming community, where there are more cows than people, has embarked upon an experiment in promoting international good will that might counteract the evil doings of all the diplomats and statesmen if it were copied widely enough.

The experiment is the brain-child of Ruth Mills Teague, who does a monthly article on cooking for the *Ladies' Home Journal.* From the Foster Parents Plan in New York, she secured a list of actual names of undernourished children in France, Italy, and Greece. She then organized the Hunterdon County European Relief Committee and set to work to send these children food and clothing. At first, boxes were left in stores for housewives to fill. When this failed to produce the desired results, the scheme was amplified to provide for Hunterdon citizens, actually taking responsibility for specific children. For $20 it was discovered that a box filled with food could be sent to one family every month for six months. In three months the committee has dispatched 400 boxes of food abroad. Some of the food is contributed by farmers, 4H clubs, Gray Y Clubs, some by school children. The Clinton Fire Department, Rotary Club, and Chamber of Commerce have adopted children. So have local storekeepers, churches, P.T.A.'s, and classes in school. Inmates of the Clinton State Farms volunteered to wrap the packages in their spare time, and they now have become so enthusiastic about the whole idea that they have collected funds to adopt several children of their own.

Every contributor is given the actual name, address, and history of the child adopted. Children range in age from three months to seventeen years. Almost all the histories follow the same pattern: fathers dead or broken in concentration camps, mothers overworked, children hopelessly handicapped. The boxes that are mailed are marked with the name and address of the contributor and, in due course, an answer arrives either from the child or its parents. The letters are sometimes heartbreaking but always deeply rewarding. One French child concluded her note of thanks with, "Lady, you allow a little trust."

Readers of the *SRL* who are worried to death at the way things are drifting, and would like to do some small concrete thing of their own to help, might ponder the possibility of forming similar committees to this one in Hunterdon County. Mrs. Teague, I feel sure, would be happy to supply further details. Her address is Annandale, New Jersey.

BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

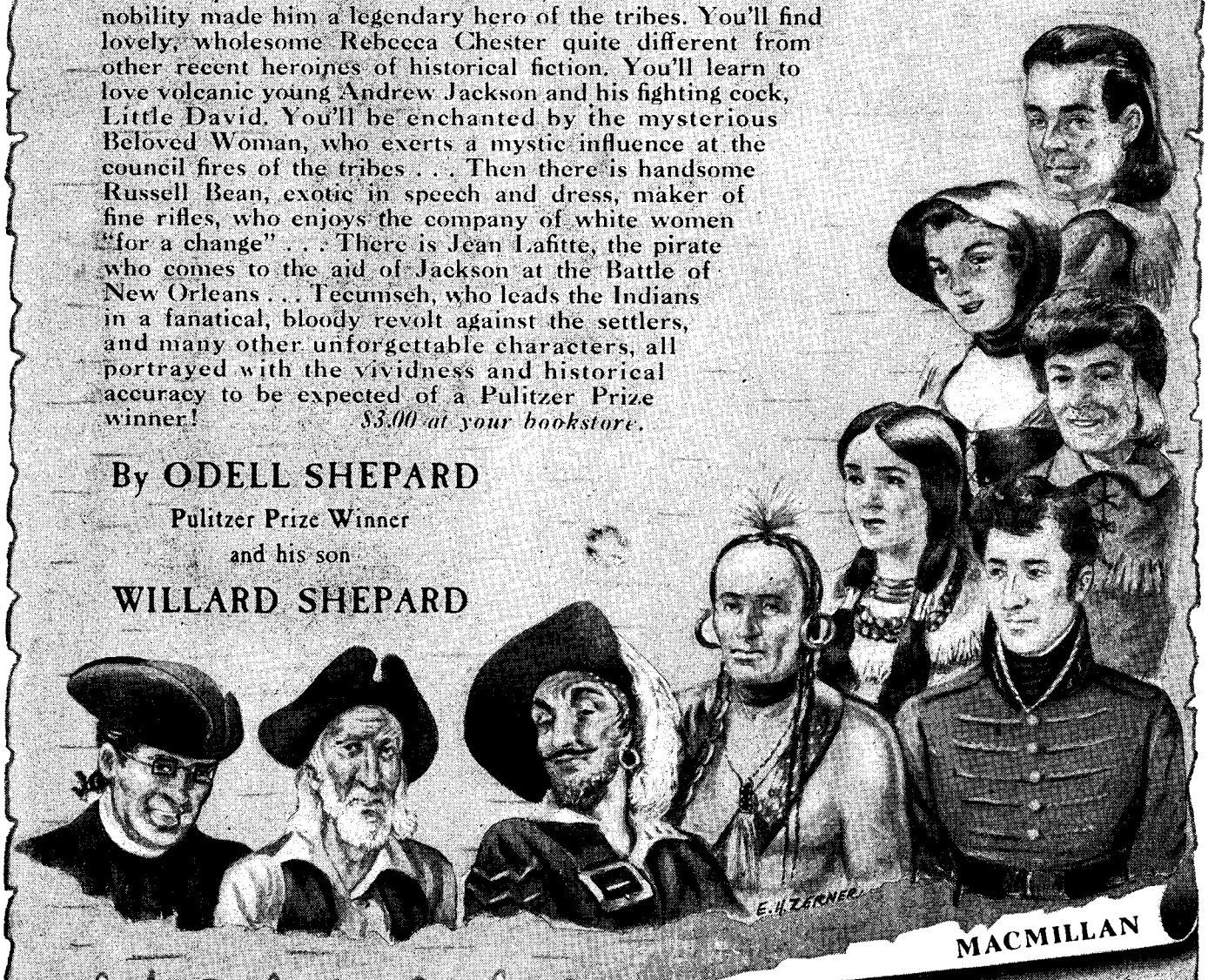
A Thrilling Historical Novel
of the Days When America Was Young

HOLDFAST GAINES

650 pages of
romantic adventure

Disconnect your phone and lock your door when you start to read HOLDFAST GAINES, for you won't want to put down this great historical novel until you've finished it! You'll thrill to the exploits of Holdfast Gaines, whose endurance and nobility made him a legendary hero of the tribes. You'll find lovely, wholesome Rebecca Chester quite different from other recent heroines of historical fiction. You'll learn to love volcanic young Andrew Jackson and his fighting cock, Little David. You'll be enchanted by the mysterious Beloved Woman, who exerts a mystic influence at the council fires of the tribes . . . Then there is handsome Russell Bean, exotic in speech and dress, maker of fine rifles, who enjoys the company of white women "for a change" . . . There is Jean Lafitte, the pirate who comes to the aid of Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans . . . Tecumseh, who leads the Indians in a fanatical, bloody revolt against the settlers, and many other unforgettable characters, all portrayed with the vividness and historical accuracy to be expected of a Pulitzer Prize winner! *$3.00 at your bookstore.*

By ODELL SHEPARD
Pulitzer Prize Winner
and his son
WILLARD SHEPARD



MACMILLAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neighborhood carrousel

WE recently completed a neighborhood project. A book, of course, and a very moral one, showing in text and pictures the sort of thing that happens when a man puts on a horse's shoes. Since the moral is directed at that little black horse scampering around the merry-go-round, we've very naturally called the book THE HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

It all started just around the corner from our editorial stable in New York City, and if you don't recognize Gramercy Park in its carrousel trappings, you can take our word that this is it. We live underneath that owl at the top of the drawing, and Colonel Furbish, our gallant hero, supplies the horsey touch.

John Falter and *Corey Ford* are friends—and no strangers to our neighborhood. You might call them men of the same color. They dreamed up the idea for this turnabout tale of horses and a man in the course of rambling afternoon conversations at a certain well-known club next door to No. 15 Gramercy Park *South* — with plenty of kibitzing on the side from friends who had it straight from the man's mouth. Discussion of the project went on for months, with Mr. Ford and Mr. Falter occasionally adjourning to No. 52 Gramercy Park *North*, where they could take refreshment as they worked. A formal text was drawn up by Mr. Ford in his own rooms there, and for the drawings they merely hopped the merry-go-round back across the Park to the National Arts Club, No. 15, where Mr. Falter has his studio.

It was a short race and a merry one, with the course limited to this one city block, for as THE HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR rounded into the home stretch and headed for the wire it had only to cross the street to Henry Holt and Company, whose elevator shafts and stairways command a fine view of the Park.

If this sounds like strange talk indeed, it's only what one can expect when the stables are turned. In making book on the race our own selection is Archibald, the little black horse, who dreams of a vine-covered stable with the Dark Mare of his dreams. That he accomplishes this is due to the great heart of Colonel Furbish, our own Horse 'o War, who fulfills his destiny in some of the most delightful man-play to come between the covers of a book.

THE
Horse of Another Color

Drawings by
JOHN FALTER
Story by
COREY FORD
$2.50

To be published November 29

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Do Writers Need An "AAA"?

A Debate on the Plan for An American Authors' Authority

"YES"—JAMES M. CAIN

IT seems to be assumed, by those opposed to this American Authors' Authority I have sponsored, that the issue is one of freedom, as we now enjoy it, *vs.* control, as it may possibly be exercised when the plan goes into effect. And on this assumption is erected the sternly virtuous principle that while better exploitation, on the part of the writer, may be the main object of the plan, even exploitation must take second place if there is a threat, even an unintended threat, to freedom, which must take precedence first, last, and all the time. And if this were a correct statement of the case, I might be disposed to go along, for I regard gag, repression, and cloture just as inimically as anybody does.

Unfortunately, however, this is not a correct statement of the case, for freedom, as we now think we enjoy it, is largely illusory, and the limitations that bound it show only too clearly the relationship between the abstract and the concrete, between what the writer may think on the one hand, and what he may say, under the actual economic situation that confronts him, on the other hand. In other words, these members of the American Writers' Association who have felt so free to criticize me, have rested their case on a pleasant, comfortable, and simple, but wholly imaginary theory. I am sorry, but I must insist on the condition that exists, unpleasant though it be.

If you pass over the syndicate writers, whose concern over freedom is really too absurd to discuss, and the professional libertarians, who shout their lines with barely a glance at the script, you will find that the main membership of the American Writers' Association consists of writers like Mr. Louis Bromfield, Mr. Clarence Budington Kelland, Mr. John Erskine, Mr. Philip Wylie, Mr. Rupert Hughes, Mrs. Rose Wilder Lane, and others of their kind; and much has been made over the circumstance that they are "established," and that since they are, and since they will have nothing to do with the new plan, something pretty significant is to be deduced by a sharp deducer. I don't deny they are established. Indeed, those whom I have named and others who have been listed are quite solidly established, more so than I am or than I hope to be. But let us have a look at

(*Continued on page* 40)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The proposal of James M. Cain for an American Authors' Authority, to function through the four writers' guilds and the Authors' League, has recently been bitterly attacked and as ardently defended. After its acceptance by the Screen Writers' Guild, Mr. Cain journeyed from Hollywood to New York to explain his proposal at a meeting that was to have been held on Sunday afternoon, October 20. It was called off late Saturday while Mr. Cain was explaining his views at a press conference. Dorothy Thompson and others representing the American Writers' Association, recently formed for the sole purpose of fighting Mr. Cain's scheme, decided to capture whatever remnants of an audience they could find at the doors of the closed theatre the next day. About seventy-five people trailed after Miss Thompson and the rest to another theatre which had been secured overnight. On Monday Mr. Cain got his chance to explain what it was all about at a turbulent meeting, called by the "Action Committee," formed of members of the Authors' League who had decided to hold a meeting anyhow, whether the League liked it or not. At that meeting, the author James T. Farrell rose to question the authority plan and was greeted, according to* The New York Times, *"by scornful laughs and boos."*

Since The Saturday Review's *editorial of September 28 on the subject, the issue has become confused by these strange maneuvers, and the plan itself has been modified. In view of the wide interest in the controversy it seemed wise to ask Mr. Farrell to state his objections to the plan and to ask Mr. Cain to answer him.*

"NO"—JAMES T. FARRELL

"IT would be difficult to exaggerate the plight of the American writer, or of any writer whose works are sold in the United States, today." This is the opening sentence of James M. Cain's article, "An American Authors' Authority" printed in *The Screen Writer* of July 1946. Following this sentence, Cain cites the various grievances of writers, some of them serious, some of them trivial. He gets warmed up by the time that he reaches the condition of the screen writer, whom he presents as the American writer whose plight is the worst, and after getting to the high taxes paid by writers, he then declares: "Our situation is approaching the desperate." One is not at all certain as to what he means. However, it does seem that desperation must be defined differently in Hollywood than it is in the rest of the world. In *Harper's Magazine* of October 1946, Mr. Ernest Borneman, a man with fifteen years' experience in the motion picture business, contributed an article titled "Rebellion in Hollywood—A Study in Motion Picture Finance." Concerning the desperation of the Hollywood scenarists, let us consider the following statement of Mr. Borneman:

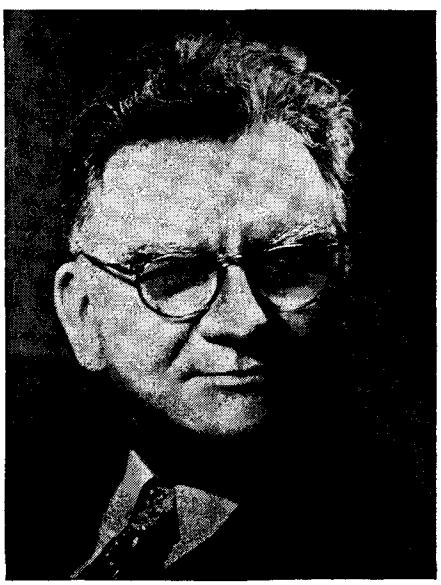
> Of the 649 members of the Screen Writers' Guild, six earned more than $100,000 during the past fiscal year, eleven earned between $100,000 and $75,000, thirty-seven between $75,000 and $50,000, twenty-eight between $50,000 and $40,000, thirty-two between $40,000 and $30,000, twenty-two between $30,000 and $20,000, sixty-one between $20,000 and $15,000, sixty-six between $15,000 and $10,000, and 101 between $10,000 and $5,000.

These figures, in addition, do not tell us how many weeks were worked in order for these writers to have earned these various sums. According to reports in *The Screen Writer,* only seven members of the guild voted against the Cain plan when the seven writers officially adopted it. This, plus the fact that a large number of the more successful screen writers are publicly known to be in favor of the plan,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes it clear that writers earning sums such as the above are spearheading the drive for the adoption of the AAA. And yet, in presenting their case, Mr. Cain tells us that their plight cannot be exaggerated, and that their situation is, let us not forget, approaching that of desperation. And for curious reasons, various of its proponents are fixed in their beliefs that *all* opponents of the plan are reactionaries, even Fascists, and that they want writers to live in Bohemia and starve. The struggle over this plan is not one of the poor writers against the rich writers.

Now let us examine salient features



—Melbourne Spurr.

James M. Cain: "I want to bring about a condition whereunder the author owns *all* his rights."

—Gogo Givens.

James T. Farrell: "Five tough mugs with a million dollars to use in lobbying, keeping the records of copyrights? No."

of this plan. It proposes that each of the four guilds of the Authors' League should appoint one member of a board to be known as The American Authors' Authority. These four appointed members would then elect a chairman who would be the fifth member of this board. It is not specified as to whether or not these appointed members of the AAA must (1) be writers, and (2) be members of the Authors' League of America. The aim of this board would be to defend the RIGHTS of the author. Cain, in his article (quoted above) put this word in capital letters. He is, however, not at all clear on the question of rights. The best sense that can be made of Cain's use of this word is, however, property rights.

Originally, Cain planned to have all American writers turn their copyrights over to this board. In fact, he wrote in the most unmistakable language of coercion. According to him, the Authority, once established, would say: "We shall copyright for assignment no works except from writers who have become members of the proper guild." This would, according to Cain, take care of "outlaw" contributors. The Authority would also refuse to lease any rights to lessors (publishers, magazines, radio stations, motion picture studios, etc.) unless these would comply with the basic agreements of the guilds. The instrumentality for imposing this coercion on writers would be the Screen Writers' and the Radio Writers' Guild, which would say: "We shall permit our writers to work on no material not leased through the Authority." And then, he added *in boldface-type* that the Authority would, by this method, be able to "compel every writer in the country hoping for picture or magazine sale to send his work to the Authority for copyright before the magazines or publishers get it." This is strong language. It tells us, in effect, that Cain was prepared last summer to drive out of the living current of American literature every American writer who refused to surrender his copyrights to AAA.

This is interesting in another way. Cain spoke of using the Screen Writers' and the Radio Writers' Guilds as the instrumentalities for coercion. According to *The Screen Writer,* he discussed his plan with Samuel Moore, president of the Radio Writers' Guild, but at the same time, the plan had, as yet, not been approved by either of the two guilds. Withal, he wrote in such a way as to seem sure that the Radio Writers' Guild would approve of this coercive plan. In addition, Cain discussed this plan with members of the Dramatists' Guild, such as Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. But he did not, also, specify that this guild would be used as a coercive instrument. This strongly suggests that the plan, regardless of the intentions of its author and original sponsors, was directed against the independent writers of America, both in and out of the Authors' League, and that they were the ones who would be coerced. My suspicion is strongly strengthened by the following fact. In the body of his article, Cain lists a number of different grievances of writers. He cites, for instance, the contract that a scenario writer is required to sign. According to the terms of this, the employing studio has the right to all the work produced by a writer during the period for which the contract runs. The impression Cain creates in his articles is that grievances such as these are solid reasons for the establishment of the AAA. But then, the plan for what the Authority will do tells us in clear language that the AAA will only copyright original writings in its own name, and he excepts "material produced on salary and not subject to the writer's copyright." The large corporations which hire writers will not lose any copyright or control over work produced by salaried employees as a consequence of this plan. Only the independent writer would surrender his control. With this, the screen and radio writers will gain a certain potential power over the independent writer. They can strike against the use of his material and boycott it. I repeat that Cain proposed to use the Screen Writers' Guild and the Radio Writers' Guild as instruments of coercion, and that he omitted mention in this context, of the writers in the other two guilds. They were to be among the coerced. This makes it clear that the AAA would be very likely to hitch the independent writer to the chariot of the hired writer. The latter would gain the most strategic position in the economic life of American writers.

AT a public meeting of writers, held at the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York City on October 21, 1946, Cain admitted that this plan to use coercion was a mistake. It is, he said, no longer embodied in the plan. However, Cain's admission is insufficient as a guarantee that the AAA will not be coercive. The plan now proposes that writers voluntarily put their copyrights into a pool in which the AAA will be a co-trustee with them in the ownership of these copyrights. Articles of incorporation of the AAA have been drawn but, not, to my knowledge, printed for publication. In these, it is also provided that the AAA will not censor the content of writings because of the race, creed, color, or political convictions

(*Continued on page* 44)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can Legislation Bring About Labor-Industrial Peace?

LLOYD K. GARRISON

CONSIDER what happened recently in Pittsburgh. The local judges, at the request of the city, enjoined a strike against the Duquesne Gas & Light Company and jailed the union's leader, Mr. Mueller, for contempt of court. The union was an independent one. The A.F.L. and C.I.O. unions in Pittsburgh had no love for it. Yet when the judges did what they did, there was an immediate uprising of all these unions. The city was able to persuade Mr. Mueller, in jail, to say that he would recommend to his union the acceptance of a new offer made by the company. The city then hastily got the judges to cancel the injunction. But the union turned down the advice of their own leader and the strike dragged on for weeks. The injunction was not renewed.

Why did the A.F.L. and C.I.O. unions respond so violently to the judges' action? Why did the judges issue an injunction, which a Pennsylvania statute seemed to prohibit? Where did this statute come from? Did it leave any common law principles open to the judges to justify their injunction? If not, what protection, if any, has the community got against a strike of this sort?

"Labor and the Law"* gives you light upon such questions. Mr. Gregory is not only a distinguished scholar but a first-rate teacher. In addition, he has had a broad experience in the labor field. He was at one time Solicitor of the Labor Department; he held responsible posts with the War Labor Board; and he has arbitrated many cases.

His thesis is that national labor policy should be shaped by the legislative branch and not by the judicial. He believes that the judges have done too much of the shaping. Up to the last decade the courts went too far in curbing legitimate union activity. Since then, he thinks, our Supreme Court has gone too far in freeing unions from the consequences of illegitimate activity. He wants Congress to correct this recent trend and to deal with other problems which have arisen.

His book is written for laymen as well as lawyers, and it deserves the close attention of both. Whoever reads it will acquire a good working knowledge of the legal history of unionism. You need to know that history to understand the drift of things today.

To start with, Mr. Gregory takes you back to eighteenth-century England. You have to start there, because that's when the common law with regard to labor unions first took shape. It was a tough law—tough as the judges could make it. Its traces are still with us. The emotions which it churned up along the way spill over into today's disputes, like the one in Pittsburgh. And the memories of black days in court partly explain why the unions don't want any new restrictive legislation, however reasonable it might seem. They are afraid of the way the judges might interpret it.

The judges began, both in England and a little later in this country, by holding that under the common law unions were criminal conspiracies. Men could be jailed for just forming unions. Parliament put an end to that in the mid-nineteenth century. Our own judges abandoned the doctrine about the same time. But in both countries the judges continued to entertain suits for damages against unions or against their leaders for calling various types of strikes which today we would regard as perfectly proper.

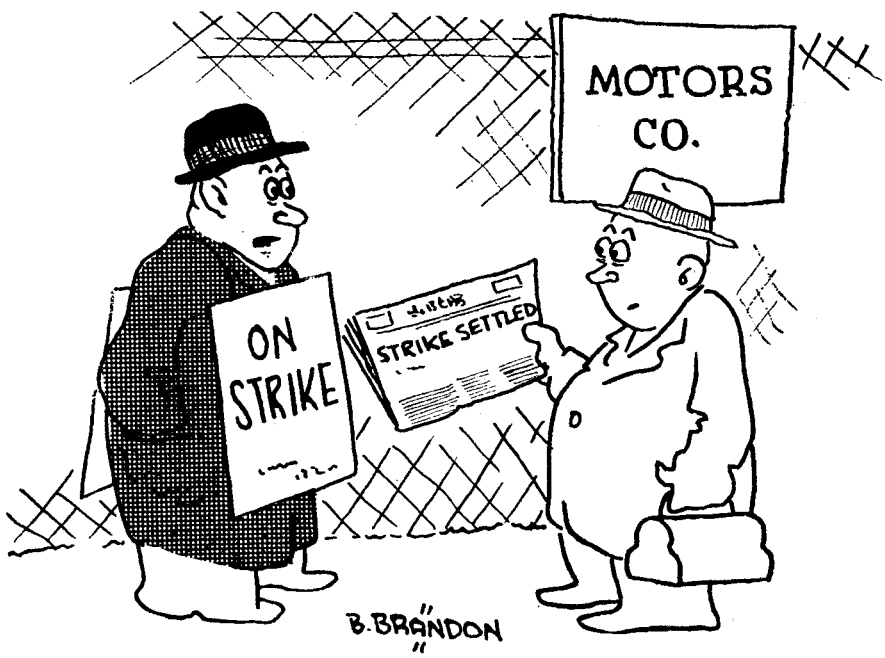
In England, Parliament again acted. In 1906 it made unions for all practical purposes non-suable, non-enjoinable, non-punishable. (They have remained so to this day.) By contrast, legislative alleviations in this country were slight. The judges themselves somewhat softened their original doctrines. But at the same time they developed the injunction in a way never known in England.

They freely enjoined strikes which they deemed to be for improper purposes. They jailed the union leaders for contempt, without jury trial, for violation of the judges' orders. They issued temporary injunctions—usually sufficient to break a strike—on the application of the employer alone and without notice to the union or a hearing.

But this was not all. Many employers obtained from their workers "yellow dog" contracts, in which the workers promised not to join unions. In the famous *Hitchman* case in 1917 the United States Supreme Court held that it was unlawful for a union to try to enroll workers who had signed such contracts. And therefore, the Court held, the union could be enjoined from soliciting memberships. Here was an almost perfect weapon for keeping unions out of open-shop plants.

CONGRESS tried in 1914, in the Clayton Act, to put an end to the abuse of the injunctive power. The attempt misfired because, in the opinion of many people, including Mr. Gregory, the Supreme Court interpreted away the real intent of the statute. It was not till 1932, in the Norris-La Guardia Act, that injunctive abuses were finally ended—in the Federal courts at least.

Mr. Gregory says it is fair to call this Act "the most revolutionary piece of labor legislation ever adopted by Congress." Yet it was passed under President Hoover's administration. This shows how far the thinking of



"But I'm afraid I'll catch cold if I take it off."

*LABOR AND THE LAW. By Charles O. Gregory. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1946. 445 pp. $5.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the country had gone ahead of the courts.

Mr. Gregory concentrates his attention on the injunctive features of this "revolutionary" law. There is another aspect of it which he might perhaps have noted. The Act declared that the individual worker should have "full freedom of association, self-organization, and designation of representatives of his own choosing." It declared that he should be free "to negotiate the terms and conditions of his employment." Finally, he should be free "from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers . . . in the designation of representatives or in self-organization or in other concerted activities . . . ." The Act also emphasized the duty of employers to bargain collectively. It did this by denying an employer an injunction under any circumstances—even in the case of active violence—if he had not made a reasonable effort to settle the dispute with the union.

Here, in these provisions, was the very substance (and much of the language) of the Wagner Act, which was passed three years later. What happened between 1932 and 1935 to bring the Wagner Act into being? In 1933, in Section 7(a) of the National Industrial Recovery Act, Congress reaffirmed the right to organize and bargain collectively. But many employers continued to deny that right. They did this by firing and blacklisting workers for joining unions, by refusing to recognize unions when formed, by setting up company-dominated unions, and by using spies and provocateurs. The President then created a part-time board to try to bring about compliance with the national policy. It failed. In 1934 Congress provided for a full-time board but gave it virtually no sanctions and it too failed. The great struggle over the right to organize continued. Then, and then only, came the Wagner Act, which set up an administrative body with power through the courts to enforce the national policy.

MANY people erroneously suppose that the policy of the Wagner Act sprang full-blown from the New Deal brain trust. And many people believe also that the Wagner Act brought into being the massive unions of today. Actually, it was the Norris-LaGuardia Act which gave the great impetus to union organization. With injunctions out of the way, and a national policy in favor of the right to organize proclaimed by a conservative Congress, the dammed-up sweep of the union movement could not have been long delayed.

In England the fighting period of non-acceptance of unions ended and

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

After 2000 Years of Civilization.

mature collective bargaining began around the turn of the century. With us, the fighting period has scarcely ended. In many branches of industry we have to make our first great effort to develop responsible bargaining methods and workable procedures for the settlement of disputes.

We have to make this effort at a time when unions and industrial plants are each so big that stoppages hit the whole economy—already strained by war—very hard. Strikes under such circumstances stir up emotions on both sides which hinder rational collective bargaining. And the public temper and necessities push the government to intervene, which further hinders collective bargaining.

Many of the unions, with huge and inexperienced memberships, haven't had time to solve their internal troubles. Their bigness gives to leadership a prestige which invites a continuous struggle for office within the newer unions. And it adds to the distressing rivalry between the leaders of competing unions. Big corporations in turn are not always free from managerial troubles. Crucial decisions, for example, are often made by men who are remote—physically and mentally—from the realities with which they have to deal. Finally, the fierceness of group egoisms seems to increase with the size of the groups.

"Where do we go from here?," asks Mr. Gregory in his final chapter. He lists some fifteen types of enactments which he would like to see Congress pass. Some of them are designed to carry out Thurman Arnold's program of applying the Sherman Act to certain union activities. That program was checked by the Supreme Court in 1941, in the famous *Hutcheson* case, which Mr. Gregory criticizes severely. Other proposals of his relate to jurisdictional strikes, breaches of contract, strikes or boycotts to force employers to stop dealing with particular unions which under the Wagner Act they have to deal with; accounting requirements, and so on.

This chapter of the book will attract much attention because of Mr. Gregory's background and standing. Many of his proposals, however, are expressed in very general terms and must be approached with caution. It is one thing to say that there should be a law on a subject and another thing to frame it so that it will do what you want it to do and not more, or less.

Take, for example, Mr. Gregory's suggestion that strikes to compel the employment of unnecessary workers should be made unlawful. You may think that reasonable enough. You envisage a bunch of men sitting around and doing nothing at the expense of the employer. But suppose the workers believe that he has speeded up his assembly line to a point where they cannot stand the pace and they ask him either to slow it down or put more men on the line. Or suppose that in a textile mill the workers charge that too few men have been assigned to tend a given number of looms and that the nervous strain is intolerable.

ARE we to say that in such instances the workers may not quit their jobs in concert except at the peril of injunctions or damages or criminal penalties? I think that most people would say "no." But it would be very hard to draw a law of the sort Mr. Gregory suggests without bringing such cases within its sweep.

The Smith-Connally Act affords another, slightly different example of the difficulty of getting what you want by legislation. It required thirty-day notices of intention to strike, and secret governmental elections on the question of whether to strike or not. Congress believed (1) that the thirty-day period would be one of "cooling off" in which settlements would be facilitated, and (2) that in any event patriotic American workmen would not vote to strike in wartime. But what happened? The thirty-day periods were periods of tension and looming crisis in which true collective bargaining was seriously impeded. And in the end the men almost always voted overwhelmingly to authorize strike action.

In many strikes no vote was taken, contrary to the Act. In such cases, the Act authorized the employers to sue the unions for damages. But there were almost no suits of this sort. Employers explained that they had to live with the unions and that litigation would only result in further injuring their relations.

(*Continued on page* 38)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

History As a Nude with Lesions

KAPUTT. By Curzio Malaparte. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 407 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

CURZIO MALAPARTE, also known as Curzio Suckert, was one of the bright boys of the Black Shirts of 1922. As an author he started his career with a collection of fascist poetry. Mussolini took a liking to him, and gave him a big newspaper job. In the early thirties he showed signs of a rebellious discontent with fascist routine, and went to Paris. He had always managed to keep up his contacts with the international literary set and its society fringes. The fruit of his exile was a book which caused something of a sensation—"The Technique of the Coup d'Etat" (published in this country in 1932). It was a well-informed, brilliant, and cynical analysis of the methods of modern revolutionists and the dictators' rise to power. Of Hitler's possibilities Malaparte thought little at that time. Upon his return to Italy he was sentenced to *confino*. Reports other than his own on the particulars of his punishment seem to vary. At any rate he was back in favor again in the 1940's, and in due course got the war correspondent's assignment to which we owe the present volume.

In its preface Signor Malaparte refers to his "contributions to the cause of liberty." The legerdemain with which his contributions to the cause of fascism are passed over in the book itself is a masterly achievement. When "Kaputt" appeared in Italy, reviewers of established anti-fascist standing protested violently, but could not check its very considerable popular success. Italians know a good piece of writing when they see one. And they have as a rule not too high an opinion of the singleheartedness of man anyway. Or, as Curzio Malaparte puts it, "We all know how difficult it is in Italy and throughout a large section of Europe to be a human being, and how dangerous it is to be a writer."

The basic plan of "Kaputt" has the subtle simplicity of a Decameron. The author takes you to a place of comparative peace in the midst of total war—to the dreamy residence of old Prince Eugene of Sweden, or to the banquet hall of the castle of the old Polish kings, the Wavel, or onto a walk in Potsdam with a Hohenzollern princess, or to a golf course in Rome strewn with assorted celebrities. And while the *capitano*—that was Signor Malaparte's rank—converses with those exalted beings, his mind swings back to what, in the twenty-odd years of his wanderings, he has come to know of Europe's festering ills, and what he faced of their ghastly outburst in the two years or so when he traveled the Eastern front and its rear. More often than not he recounts these memories to his interlocutors, graciously accepting their elegiac or angered replies; and invariably he credits himself with smart repartees and daring *mots* in these sophisticated conversations (with an unabashed record of his personal humanitarian exploits into the bargain).

No, you won't do justice to your experience in reading "Kaputt," if you take it as straight autobiography or journalism. I suppose the thing to do is to read it as fiction based on facts. You may also call it a fantasy about factual themes. But whatever you call it, you won't escape the strange, grisly beauty of these stories. Even the occasional repetitiousness of the style does not impair their fascinating effect on the reader.

Can you imagine a thousand horses which, breaking out from a burning forest, have hurled themselves into Lake Ladoga, and overnight have been caught by the ice—their frozen heads sticking out of the crust the following morning, "the white flame of terror" still gleaming in their wide-open eyes? Malaparte has seen them. Later in the winter, he goes on to recount, the peasants used to come down to the lake on Sundays, and sit on the heads of the stiffened carcases, and one of the boys would play the accordion. . . . There is, you might say, a touch of the Baron Munchhausen about that picture.

Anyway, that is one of the more idyllic of Malaparte's tales. Less idyllic, but still on the side of grim humor,

—*From "Danse Macabre."*

is another animal story—the account of a German general's struggle in a river in Finland with a plucky old salmon that "snubs" His Excellency's fisherman's efforts, and is shot in the end by his aide on the general's orders. An anecdote revealing more of the character of the Reich's ruling class will not be found easily.

The trinity of that character—sentimentality, cruelty, and naïve astonishment at the victims' hatred—runs through the whole of Malaparte's portrait of the self-styled elite which all but destroyed a continent's civilization. In the course of a glutton's feast given to his unspeakable retinue and some Berlin guests by the Governor General of Poland, Herr Frank, the *capitano* found him in a deserted room "seated at the piano, his face bowed low on his chest, an expression of deep suffering humbling his proud face," while he was playing Chopin. Some days later Herr Frank, in leading a party of *Herren* and *Damen* to the ghetto of Warsaw, deigned to take a shot himself at one of the children peeping over the wall. . . . "Why? Why?" exclaims "an old Bavarian nobleman" in a general's uniform when "even the dogs" of Russia appear to fight his *Panzer* with ferocious wrath. (Packs of dogs, so the author tells us, were famished and trained to look for food under armored cars in attack, carrying high explosives and contact rods on their backs.) "Why? Why?"

In fact, the most shocking feature of Malaparte's panorama of degradation and perversity, of cannibalism and any conceivable kind of atrocity is that lack of understanding on the part of the "better" people in the Axis camp, that shrugging connivance of aristocrats, old-school diplomats, intellectuals, and esthetes with the Nazi brutes and their satellite henchmen. While the Italian ambassador—surely a man of high breeding—is waiting in the anteroom of Croatia's puppet dictator, a basket of "oysters" is brought in for the company's enjoyment . . . "and Ante Pavelich removed the lid of the basket and revealed the mussels, that slimy and jelly-like mass, and said, smiling with that tired, good-hearted smile of his, 'It is a present from my loyal ustashis. Forty pounds of human eyes'."

Does Signor Malaparte overstep the bounds of credibility? Who, with the sober Nuremberg records still on his mind, can call in question the bottomless mire that was Nazi Germany and the boundless misery that was her world? There is nothing incredible in the "fight between living and dead man" reported on by this reporter. And we all have known that in the East the Germans pressed native girls

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into brothel service, and disposed of them in their manner once their usableness was exhausted. Here is a writer who maintains he has talked to three of them (girl students they happened to be)—and suddenly what we have known all the time reads like nightmare imagination. Paintings are often far more impressive than the most conscientious photography; but as our subconscious faced by horror shrinks from being impressed, we are prone to doubt the documentary accuracy of the painting.

Still you will ask whether such fantastic scenes as the free-for-all among stark naked Axis bigwigs in a Finnish steam bath are really more than superbly ironical tall tales. You will never know. Nor, as this book reaches its climax, are you likely to care very much. Its closing chapter is a piece of overwhelming power. You have to read it yourself—if, that is, you don't mind, to begin with, spending your time on a brilliant, a very brilliant book done by a man of very controversial personal traits.

Ellsberg's Massawa Miracle

UNDER THE RED SEA SUN. By Commander Edward Ellsberg. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 500 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

CAPTAIN ELLSBERG has had the extreme good fortune to possess both the opportunity for accomplishment in the world of action and the ability to tell his story in a manner that makes it even more interesting than the performance could have been. Some years ago he exercised his double talent on the salvage of the accidentally sunken submarine *S-51* and the story of that salvage, which was nearly an all-time high in thrillers of not-imagined experience. In "Under the Red Sea Sun" he has done it again.

This time the tale is that of operations at the port of Massawa in Eritrea. Before the British took it from the Italians the latter sabotaged everything in a classic example of the pleasure in destruction for its own sake which is one of war's less appetizing products. Rows of ships were scuttled across the entrances of the three harbors, with their sides blown out, and in at least one instance the hole in the sunken vessel was garnished with a mine arranged on top of a pile of torpedo warheads.

The two floating docks were placed where they would most nearly block the harbor and had each of their eight bottom compartments blown out by hundreds of pounds of TNT. In the shops ashore every single machine, every electric motor, was individually attended to with a sledge hammer; then essential gears were removed and thrown into the harbor or buried ashore.

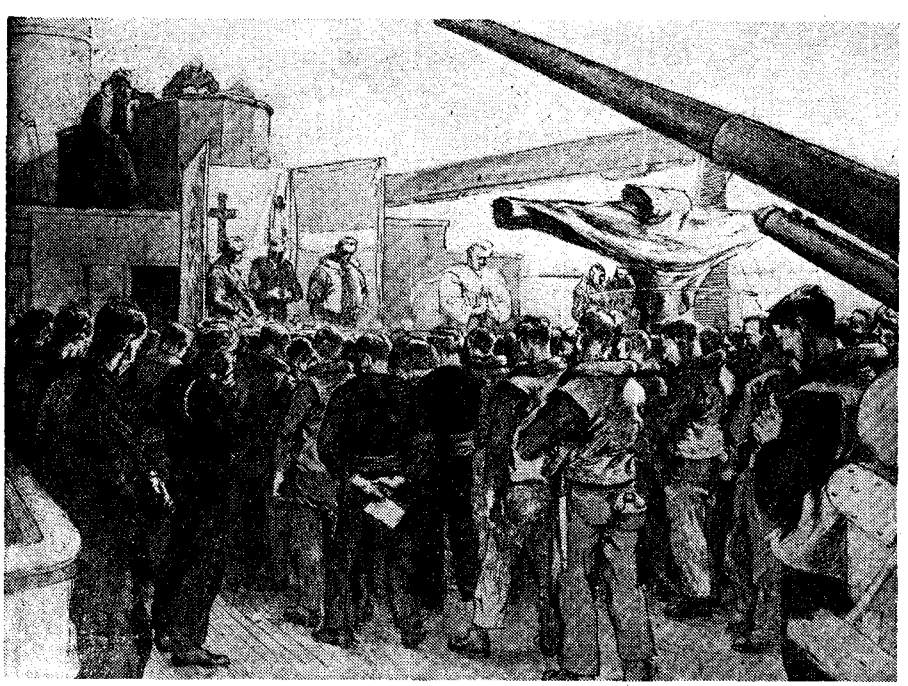
Into this desolation, in a spot where 90 degrees is considered cool (no hyperbole) and white men are allowed to work only four hours a day, was pitched Captain Ellsberg. His equipment consisted of salvage gear aboard two harbor tugs smaller than the ships of Columbus, which had to voyage round the Cape of Good Hope and did not arrive until some time after himself. In the beginning his labor force amounted to half a dozen American mechanics, plus whatever he could recruit on the ground from the Arabs, Sudanese, Italian prisoners of war, and Eritreans so habitually undernourished that an average man's hand would go completely around one of their legs.

There were abundant construction material and labor higher up the mountains toward Asmara, but these belonged to a contractor busily engaged in building beautiful concrete barracks, principally for his own labor force. The contractor left Captain Ellsberg's workers unpaid for six weeks on end.

At this precise time Rommel broke through the British lines in Libya and their naval base at Alexandria became untenable. It had already been overloaded and several ships had been lost in the Mediterranean because their bottoms were so foul their speed was cut in half. The remainder must be cleaned and repaired at Massawa. What to do?

This is the story of what Captain Ellsberg did. It is a war book with the urgencies of war constantly in the background, but a peculiar sort of war book, in which the essence of the story is not the release and employment of destructive energies, but of construction—construction in its most difficult form, of turning ruins, both physical and psychological, into smoothly operating machinery. The appeal it makes is by no means hampered by Captain Ellsberg's manner of telling his tale. He has written a good many tales of adventure since his account of the *S-51* job and has learned how to build up to and bring off a climax. Naturally the author is the hero of his own narrative, but legitimately so. He might possibly have omitted some of the passages toward the beginning in which he describes the trip across Africa by air to Massawa, but if he had done this he would have been forced also to omit the tale of the long voyage to Lagos aboard one of those ships that have made the American Merchant Marine a disgrace, with ignorant officers and recklessly lazy crews—and that is a tale that has wanted telling.

All in all, this is a good book, a story of achievement that lifts the heart, for which the captain may take a double bow.



—*Mitchell Jamieson, USNR.*

Sunday Morning at Sea.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did Dostoevsky Find Certainty?

FIREBRAND: THE LIFE OF DOSTOEVSKY. By Henry Troyat. Illustrated with woodcuts by S. Mrozewski. New York: Roy Publishers. 1946. 448 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

OF LATE we have been turning to France for our information on the great classical Russian writers. Books on Tolstoy, Pushkin, and now Dostoevsky, have appeared in English dress, though in two cases rather belatedly.

The most recent is a full-length biography of Dostoevsky which was published in Paris in 1940. Its author is Henry Troyat, a Russian-born French novelist of some distinction. The translation is adequate, though there are a number of errors, especially in connection with Russian names, and there are also infelicities of rendering. Part of the introductory material is left out; there are some deletions in the treatment of "Poor Folk"; and the final section, "Post Mortem," which contains original conclusions of the author, fresh information concerning critical opinions on Dostoevsky's life and works after his death, and an account of the subsequent fate of his wife and children, is omitted entirely. And with that peculiar scorn which American publishers have for scholarly "trifling," the valuable bibliography of the author's sources at the end is lopped off as an excrescence of no consequence.

M. Troyat modestly asserts in a foreword that his biography "does not claim to present new facts." His book, in truth, has little fresh material to add to Mr. Yarmolinsky's life of Dostoevsky, published in 1934. The justification for the work, then, is a new synthesis, and a considerable amount of critical evaluation, based on recent Soviet studies, of Dostoevsky's fiction and of his place in world literature.

Though a novelist himself, M. Troyat firmly eschews the Strachey-Maurois biographical technique of half-truth, half-fiction. He sticks closely to his sources and uses them skilfully to impart life and reality to the character of Dostoevsky and to the times in which he lived. Nor does he submit to the easy temptation of seeking to solve the dark, possibly abnormal aspects of Dostoevsky's existence by dubious psychoanalytical speculations.

—Jacket design by S. Mrozewski.

"The tremendous driving force in Dostoevsky's life was his search for God."

The picture of the great novelist that emerges is a convincing one—a genius caught in the toils of outrageous fortune, trivial domesticity, and ignoble adversities. M. Troyat properly devotes much space to the most significant event in Dostoevsky's life—his involvement in the political conspiracy of the Petrashevsky Circle and his subsequent arrest and imprisonment in Siberia. The author shares the commonly accepted view that Dostoevsky's association with this circle and its offshoot, the Durov group, was a flight of youthful, skin-deep radicalism. The most recent investigation of the matter by the Soviet scholar A. S. Dolinin, however, shows pretty conclusively that Dostoevsky was engaged in a serious political conspiracy, the main endeavor of which was to agitate for the liberation of the serfs.

The matter is important, for M. Troyat's contrary view leads him to make the usual explanation that Dostoevsky's uncomplaining acceptance of his severe penalty was simply a psychological manifestation of guilt-complex. On the other hand, the likelihood that he had been actually involved in a potentially dangerous conspiracy makes his frank acceptance of punishment seem more rational. Like the later characters of his novels, Dostoevsky had really sinned, and he willingly suffered punishment as an atonement for his crime and in order to purify his conscience.

Years after Dostoevsky freely admitted that he had been a real revolutionist, like the Nechayev who helped to inspire the subject of "The Possessed." In his treatment of this novel, M. Troyat interjects an unfortunate subjective note, for he suggests that there is something prophetic of the 1917 Revolution in Dostoevsky's shocking depiction of the revolutionary devotees of Shigalovism. Shigalovism gives us a foretaste of Nazism, not Bolshevism. Neither the extremes of Dostoevsky's reactionary conviction expressed in "The Possessed," nor his own brand of socialism—for he had one—are fully revealed in the novel. He either did not know or wilfully maligned the real Russian revolutionists of his time.

In general, M. Troyat's study of the great novels is used to inform and illuminate the development of Dostoevsky's own philosophy of life. But the effort is somewhat vitiated by the author's failure to make full use of the recently published notebooks. Though he recognizes that the tremendous driving force in Dostoevsky's life was his search for God, M. Troyat does not appear to realize that this search was rendered infinitely fruitful artistically by the essential ambivalence of the novelist's nature. His divided soul made him incapable of unbroken allegiance to any credo of art or philosophy His whole life, as Tolstoy declared, was a struggle between good and evil, which is as true of the great characters of his novels as for their creator.

M. Troyat would have us believe that Dostoevsky, in his fearful search, found certainty at last in Zosima's arguments in "The Brothers Karamazov" for the existence of an all-compassionate God. But after the publication of that famous novel, and shortly before Dostoevsky's death, he jotted down in his notebook an expression of satanic pride in the powerful negation of God in the scene of the "Grand Inquisitor." And then he added: "Even in Europe there have never been atheistic expressions of such power. Consequently, I do not believe in Christ and His confession as a child, for my hosanna has come through a great *furnace of doubt*." Doubt and not certainty fed the deep well of his inspiration and accentuated a personal dualism that continually led him into an impasse between the head and the heart.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 659)

A. BIERCE:

THE GAME OF POLITICS

Party lines are as . . . confused as the parallels of latitude and longitude after a twisting earthquake or those aimless lines representing the competing railroad on a map published by a company operating "the only direct route."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poets in Family Circles

LORD WEARY'S CASTLE. By Robert Lowell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 69 *pp.* $2.50.

FAMILY CIRCLE. By Eve Merriam. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1946. 74 *pp.* $2.50.

DOOMSDAY'S CUE. By Robert Tallman. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1946. $2.

Reviewed by JEREMY INGALLS

THESE volumes, by Robert Lowell, Eve Merriam, and Robert Tallman, fall well within the circle of traditions established in current American poetry. This situation is neither unexpected nor unfortunate.

One characteristic tradition is concern about traditions. Robert Lowell reexamines New England family traditions through the lens of his present Christology and devotion to the Madonna. Eve Merriam as, at once, devotee and rebel, reexamines the family as clan and, further, restates Old Testament traditions in current, colloquial idiom. To this area of family histories, conflicts, and sympathies between generations, attitudes affected by Old Testament and New Testament heritage belong, also, John Holmes, John Malcolm Brinnin, Delmore Schwartz, Karl Shapiro. There is Auden and there are others. Robert Tallman, with a wit half nostalgic, half agnostic, reexamines traditions in art and politics. Familiars of this attitude include his seniors, Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens.

Robert Lowell appraises experience through the dogma of redemption in the Christian mystery; Eve Merriam, through the dogma of traditional liberalism, the redemptive *mystique* of good will among the little people. Among current poets the cousins and uncles and aunts of these appraisals can be easily identified. Robert Tillman appraises both these world views as equally untenable; he holds to the island of Yeats's self-sufficient mind, but with three signals up: one, to Wallace Stevens's pleasure in existence "as is"; one, to Robinson Jeffers's noble despair; one, to what Tallman calls, without identifying the progenitors, the "seeds of faith."

The forms which these three poets use are also, by now, well established. Both Robert Lowell and Robert Tallman use strict forms or formal variations on strict forms. Although some have cited this fact as a novel event, a glance through volumes of poetry in recent years will discover that the use of strict form is no longer news. As between Robert Lowell and Robert Tallman, Tallman is master of the peculiar exigencies of couplets and quatrains, also of the three-line stanza, and is secure above most of the traps on the route of strict count and sure rhyme. Had Robert Lowell published only the first fourteen poems in his collection of forty-two poems, he might easily have been listed Tallman's peer. These first fourteen poems are technically finished and powerful. Among his other poems "eye" rhymes on the order of "grease" and "Greece," concatenations of vowels and consonants too clumsy to be more than accidental, unfortunately chosen images which tumble an intended solemnity into bathos—that is, an occasional deafness to connotations of words—these uncertainities in matters of form, melody, and diction indicate, no doubt, little more than the growing pains of a junior craftsman.

As for Eve Merriam's work, the structures, at first glance, appear to be more casual than those of Robert Lowell and Robert Tallman. She employs the intricate tonal relationships, inner and end rhymes with oblique rhyme, characteristic, in recent years, not only of much English verse, but also of much verse composed by Continental Europeans and by the Chinese. The variations of strict form, in the work of Lowell and Tallman, and the formal control exercised upon a superficially free verse, in work such as Eve Merriam's, are degrees rather closer to than distant from each other on the scale of formality characteristic of current verse. In its locutions, Eve Merriam's style is partially dependent on newspaper-headline elisions and collided images which, as technique, bear certain family resemblances to the work of Kenneth Fearing and Oscar Williams and to the earlier work of Muriel Rukeyser.

To comment on family resemblances in forms and locutions among current poets is not to attribute particular influences nor to make valuations. The relevance in appraising, as a group, these three poets making their first major appearance in October of this year, lies in the evidence which their work gives that experiments with poetic forms and poetic diction have seasoned into a now familiar language. Like many others among their contemporaries, all three employ forms strict rather than free.

Robert Lowell's particular gift is his energy of rhythm, his just use of relevant image, and his ability to transmute image and event into allegory. This allegorical method is evident from his choice of title. It controls his series of family portraits and his slashings from personal and public history. Most distinguished among his poems are the sequences, "The Quaker Graveyard at Nantucket" and "In Memory of Arthur Winslow." The allegorical method also controls the excellent single poems, "Winter in Dunbarton," "Mary Winslow," "Salem," and "The Soldier." His poems turn seafaring, money-grubbing, a dead cot, household bric-a-brac, logging, Dante, and the infantry into grave meditations on the plight of man between God and the devil. The loss by New Englanders of their source of power, their religious faith, is the rot in Lord Weary's Castle. In a more general context the theme of his allegories is summarized by the last line of his sonnet "The Soldier"

> Two angels fought with bill-hooks for his soul.

Of the more than fifty poems in Eve Merriam's present collection eleven have already appeared in the "Five Younger Poets" series. Of these eleven, the poems "My Mother" and "The Coward" seem to me to belong to the permanent anthology of our time. The final stanza of the former poem has the immediacy of lines long remembered:

> Would hide the word *death* with
> your wide lap;
> Tuck tears into bed.
> Unread,
> Your hands are scholarly with love.

The most arresting series of poems in the collections is the group reanimating Old Testament figures. "Big Saul, Little David" has a colloquial grace reminiscent of the texts of Spirituals. "Esther," "Ruth," "Daniel," and the Jonah of "The Wonderful Whale" pass the risks of their conscious anachronisms and come off as shrewd portraits. The imaginative sympathy in forming these portraits belongs to a genuinely creative talent. In this series only "Joshua" and "The

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tower of Babel" seem to me to share a weakness vitiating several other poems among the fifty here. This weakness is corollary to the poet's strength, the poet who, actively valuing simplicity, necessarily balances on the pitfall edge of easy platitude.

The title Robert Tallman has chosen for his volume functions as a "cue" in several directions. Chosen from a passage in the work of Thomas Beddoes, it signalizes a devotion like Beddoes's to the lyric qualities of poets in the Elizabethan age. As further "cue" it signalizes imminent Judgment Day for artists, politicians, and everybody else. Someone looking for a gay literary exercise might essay a study of Auden's "New Year Letter," Shapiro's "Essay on Rime," and this, Robert Tallman's survey, the sections on literary fashions. His "Analogue of Pretended Passions," "The Stereopticon," and "The Odds is Gone" contain satire which, for ingenuity and elegance, need fear no rivals. Beyond the theme of poets' fashions, Tallman's book is a history of conflict between sympathies and disdains. This conflict, stated, analyzed, illustrated throughout the seven parts of the book, receives its major demonstrations in part six, the thumbnail biography of Thomas Beddoes. The final implication of Tallman's, always witty and quotable volume is that neither Christian faith nor politics of any color make a world; that neither hymns nor camera-eye verses, not "cerebral scherzos" nor poems of "quaint fauna" sufficiently record the world. Tallman has deliberately impaled himself on the dilemma of the anarchist in literature and in politics. He expresses his dilemma, however, in verses law-abiding and sprucely well-dressed. He is shrewd, observant, and—to revive the proper complimentary use of a word in its best sense long neglected—lyrical. He manages to say, at one and the same time, that the world is all right and all wrong, and to consider debatable survival in very mellow rhymes.

Of the three poets here considered, Tallman is, in years, I believe, slightly the senior of the other two "younger poets." This may sufficiently explain the greater finish in his technique. Robert Lowell and Eve Merriam, however, use a richer field of materials; their people and objects have more dimensions than Mr. Tallman's generalizations, generalizations useful to the effective satirist. Nevertheless Tallman, in his Beddoes's tale and other writing, gives evidence that he is not limited to the material he has chosen to present in this particular volume. For the future all three of those poets have staked claims in good ground.

More Fuel for the Kafka Followers

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA. By Franz Kafka. New York: Schocken Books. 1946. 315 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

SCHOCKEN BOOKS, which had a fine record of publishing, first in Berlin, later on in Jerusalem (where the Schocken Library is the depository of the literary estate of Franz Kafka), now make their appearance on the American scene with a volume of stories and reflections by the famous author of "The Trial" and "The Castle"—a handsome book in the distinguished Schocken tradition.

Previously published in London, back in 1933, "The Great Wall of China" gave rise to one of the first "Kafka waves" in the world of English letters. This is the first American edition of the book, brought out as a forerunner to five volumes of hitherto unpublished prose, diaries, and letters by Kafka which will appear under the Schocken imprint both in English and in German.

The present volume comprises smaller works of prose written in the last period of Franz Kafka's life, between 1917 when he was sick in cold, hungry, wartime Prague, and 1924, when he was dying in an Austrian sanitorium. There are four longer stories (all of them more or less fragmentary), fifteen short stories and fables, a collection of aphorisms, and the "Reflections on Sin, Pain, Hope, and the True Way." The introduction by Edwin Muir who, together with Willa Muir, signs as translator, was written in 1933. It is a competent job though too much influenced by the mystical interpretation of Kafka by Max Brod, and in parts already obsolete. The six pages of "Exegetical Notes" by Philip Rahv, affixed to the book "in elucidation of the more difficult stories," were a source of dire puzzlement to this reviewer.

The book appears at a time when Kafka is passionately discussed in literary circles in this country, in Britain and in France, with a French magazine carrying off the palm with a seven weeks' discussion of the question *"Faut-il brûler Kafka?* Should Kafka be burned?" Some of the stories in this volume, especially the fragmentary "Giant Mole" and the unfinished "Great Wall of China," will probably be used by a vocal group of Kafka-interpreters to bolster their thesis that Kafka is a mystic and that his work must be explained from the angle of the influences he underwent from Kierkegaard and religious sources. The tenor of Mr. Rahv's notes and, to a lesser degree, Mr. Muir's introduction tend to support this thesis.

Franz Kafka wrote these stories "in the isolating shadow of death."

Some other stories, for instance the likewise unfinished "Burrow," will be used by partisans of the Existentialist movement in order to claim Kafka as an honorary member of the literature of fear, frustration, and cynical pessimism of today. However, both schools should take into consideration that most of these, more or less fragmentary, stories were written under the terrible strain of an incurable illness, and in the isolating shadow of death. They therefore offer but a limited key to an overall interpretation of Kafka's artistic personality. His novel "America" and the stories published during his lifetime show him as a writer very well capable of optimism, and endowed with a rich dose of humor. And the fact that Kafka's heroes in "The Castle" and "The Trial" put up a fight for their rights, even if it is a losing fight, sets his work apart from the literature of absolute despair and black apathy as exemplified in Albert Camus's "The Stranger."

Yet the optimism, the will to fight, the humor and a few more definitely non-mystical traits in Kafka's work cannot be understood and evaluated, unless proper allowance is made to influences of quite another kind than those emanating from Kierkegaard and sundry mystical sources. Among these non-mystical influences of considerable power are Kropotkin, Herzen, Dickens, and, above all, the Bohemian atmosphere—the radiations of the spirit of Hus and Chelcicky, the echo of the laughter of Havlicek and Hasek, the traditional Czech yearning for freedom and for human brotherhood.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Editor
Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby
Associate Editors
Amy Loveman
William Rose Benet
John Mason Brown
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Bennett Cerf
Mary Gould Davis
Paul Henry Lang
John T. Winterich
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President

Contents Copyrighted, 1946, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH

INNUMERABLE essays have been written on happiness, that feeling of well-being, buoyancy, and hopefulness that the Greeks named euphoria. Montaigne called one of his essays, "That We Should Not Judge of Our Happiness Until After Our Death," believing a happy life depended on "the tranquillity and contentment of a "well-borne minde," which fate like a delayed bomb might smash into fragments at any moment. Stevenson with equal solemnity asks why we should run to and fro about the earth like frightened sheep when we might sit by the fire and be happy thinking, pleased at the great deeds of men without envy, remembering the faces of women without desire, watching the procession instead of carrying the banners. This, he says, is to know wisdom and virtue and to dwell with happiness. Emerson found it in friendship: "What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again"; Thoreau discerned it in Nature's tranquil countenance.

There are as many answers to what happiness is and how to obtain it as there are philosophers who have tried to define it. There are other searchers of a more practical turn of mind who would have us counterfeit happiness, keep a fixed smile on our lips through hell and high water, take every hand offered to us in a crushingly loving grip, for it is well known that a cheerful man with a hearty laugh can make friends and influence people, unless you happen to be of the mean-spirited and critical sort that can't abide him at all.

Few of these answers concern young people, who can leap out of bed of a fine morning and be as sure that they are going to be happy all the day long as they are of getting their breakfasts. But if youth can only tolerate these adult speculations, the man with the scientific mind can have nothing to do with them. There are no figures, card files, reports, scientific papers that can be examined and analyzed to prove the substance and nature of this will-of-the-wisp that dances in the minds of boys and girls and men and women, nor can it be dragged to earth by the tail and anatomized.

At least there were none until recently when the French Institute of Public Opinion, a Gallic counterpart of our Gallup Poll, decided to ask a large sample of the French population if they were happy and why; or, if not, why not. The answers are illuminating and intriguing, though like all statistics you can read into them what you will. It opens an enormous field of inquiry which Mr. Gallup should be asked to examine, for instead of demanding of the American people what their political and economic opinions are at the moment, or whether they like reversible mirrors and shaving brushes, why not inquire into our nation's inmost state of mind what we think of love, platonic friendship between men and women, mothers-in-law, religion, or our pleasures and what we hope for when we have them no longer.

The text that accompanies the analysis of the poll of the French Institute of Public Opinion states cautiously at the beginning that the answers are no doubt biased by reactions peculiar to France. It is possible, for example, that an Englishman or a New Englander would not be so willing to state that love had a share in his happiness as would a Frenchman, or at least we like to think that the Latins wear their hearts on their sleeves instead of locking them up in a safe. Here are some of the answers to the questions of the French inquisitors into happiness, solemnly divided into categories and percentages:

1. "Can you say exactly what you call 'being happy'?" brought the following definitions of happiness:

	Men	*Women*
Money (enough to live on)	47%	38%
Health	21	22
Peace	14	10
Wealth	10	11
Family	8	10
Wisdom	8	9
Love	1	5
Vague	17	16
No Opinion	30	29

These columns add to more than 100, for many gave more than one answer.

2. "Do you figure that you are very happy, moderately happy, or not very happy?":

Very happy	8%
Moderately happy	44
Not very happy	40
Other answers	5
Don't know	3

	Very happy	*Moderately happy*	*Not Very happy*
Business men	11%	52%	30%
Members of professions	12	48	27
Workers	6	39	52

	Very happy	*Moderately happy*	*Not Very happy*
Communist	4%	37%	56%
Socialist	6	43	46
Leftist Assembly	2	53	34
M.R.P.	11	56	27
P.R.L.	10	49	35

Of those saying happiness consists of:

	Very happy	*Moderately happy*	*Not Very happy*
Money	7%	37%	51%
Health	6	61	31
Family	21	47	28
Wisdom	19	54	24
Love	46	39	8

There are some sharp answers to our philosophers in these rows of figures. Only eight per cent of men and nine per cent of women believed that wisdom added to whatever happiness they thought they possessed and only one man in a hundred gave credit to love, though five times as many women needed love to be happy. Montaigne's "well-borne mind," or Stevenson's thinking without desire or envy, or Thoreau's nature, if it had occurred to these ingenious Frenchmen to list these items, would perhaps have received only a hatful of votes. No candidate for office would dare to carry them as slogans on his banner.

Nearly half of all the men and more than a third of the women felt that their happiness depended on economic security. This they treasure, averaging men's and women's votes, twice as much as they do health, three and a half times more than they want a world of peace, three times as much as they desire a happy family, and fourteen times as much as they need the ministrations of Eros. Only eight per cent, men and women, considered themselves very happy, the moderately happy were only slightly more numerous than the not very happy, or the not very unhappy, for they mean about the same; the business and professional men were happier than the workers. What then has become of the dignity and the rewards of labor that the nineteenth century tried so hard to sell? Finally, few Communists felt themselves very happy, in fact only four out of every hundred, which might surprise the followers of Marx and make for very poor propaganda, until euphoria becomes part of the party line, or it may only mean that a Communist lives beyond the need for human happiness.

Altogether this first national poll on happiness is a disappointment to the optimist and food for the cynic, for it shows that love is not anywhere near enough, that a little money, enough for security, may fill the heart and the horizon of a great part of the Western world. H.S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Rebuttal for the Critics

SIR: I suppose that one should have a certain kind of gratitude to W. L. White because his inconsistency is consistent. His "Report on the Critics" (*SRL*, Oct. 5) is no more of a report than was his so-called "Report on the Russians." Like the book, his contribution to your magazine sets out to prove certain preconceived conclusions. To this end, he marshals such evidence as is available, ignores the evidence which is contrary to his conviction, and, when evidence is lacking, manufactures an anecdote, and direct quotations, to serve his ends.

Although I was the Chief Correspondent of *The New York Times* in the Soviet Union for 16 months, 15 days and four hours, in the course of which I accompanied Mr. Eric Johnston and Mr. White on their trips to Leningrad and the Urals, I was not one of the correspondents who signed the petition denouncing his book. I knew of my own knowledge that some of the incidents Mr. White related never took place. A good example is the alleged conversation with the American engineers on the airport bench at Omsk, which is good ammunition against the Soviet Union. If Mr. White had such a conversation, I know it didn't happen at Omsk, and I can only wonder whether it happened at all.

I had read the book, and didn't think it a good one. But I didn't sign the petition because I came out of Russia with a more sincere devotion to freedom than I ever had possessed in my life, and I wanted Mr. White to be as free to write his book against the Soviet Union as other correspondents later would be free to write books which, in my opinion, erred on the side of sympathy to the Soviet Union. Even if I had not felt this so strongly, I nevertheless could not have signed that particular petition because I felt it contained a good deal of Union Square language.

I am now moved to address this letter to you, and join the critics of Mr. White publicly, only because I could not stomach his self-serving so-called "Report on the Critics," which it seemed to me might better have been titled, "I Told You So."

Mr. White defines the function of correspondent as keeping the public informed, not just entertained, and asserts that one should remember some simple rules of common honesty. I submit Mr. White failed on both counts in both his so-called Reports, the one on the Russians and the one on the critics.

I am particularly incensed by his unnecessary and slurring attack upon my friend and colleague, John Hersey, who signed the petition against Mr. White's book. It is a reflection of envy, if not fair play, to smear Mr. Hersey's remarkable job on Hiroshima by innuendo. I call your attention to the paragraph on Page 38 which suggests that those who did not agree that Mr. White was a good reporter on Russia, were forced, by the pressure of events, to "quickly begin lecturing on topics other than the weather, such as atomic fission, with its accompanying sweet pungent odor of baked Japanese." That line, I submit, could have been aimed only at Mr. Hersey, whose typewriter Mr. White is not fit to carry.

Objection must also be made to Mr. White's attempt to classify himself with Mr. Brooks Atkinson, whose scholarly documented criticism of the Soviet Union was one with which I could fully agree. That, Mr. White, is the difference between informing and entertaining. Mr. White seems to think that criticism by *Pravda* is the equivalent of initiation into a fraternity. But I have been denounced by *Pravda*, too, for articles critical of the Soviet Union, and I submit that does not make me a bed-fellow of W. L. White, W. C. Bullitt, or the late Leon Trotsky.

W. H. LAWRENCE.
The New York Times
Bolivia, La Paz.

"The employment situation is easing up. . . . I think we'd better learn to type."

SIR: I should first like to explain that there are, on the staff of *The New York Times*, two men with almost identical names. One is William Laurence, the science editor who won the Pulitzer Prize for his stories on the atomic bomb. The other William Lawrence was in Russia when I was, and now writes in from Bolivia.

Secondly, I think that most of the story of the "Omsk engineers" can now be told. One day in Moscow I got a telephone summons from a resident American official there, who then said:

> Bill, you've been talking to the correspondents, but most of them haven't really seen Russia. The government keeps them cooped up in Moscow, herded into the Hotel Metropole, and only now and then takes them out on conducted tours.
>
> How would you like to talk to some Americans who really know this country? Three friends of mine happen to be in town today, who have been stationed out in the back country for almost two years. They really know the place. They're willing to talk, but naturally you've got to protect them.

Of course I promised, and then spent four fascinating hours, writing frantically in my notebook as they talked, for the material was fresh and honest, and they were not mincing words.

They were not only willing to talk but anxious, because they said that the picture which had been coming out of wartime Russia was only half the truth, and they felt the people back home were being badly misled. They gave me first-hand stories of the NKVD terror, telling in detail of the huge concentration camp for political prisoners in their town, and of its appalling death rate from malnutrition and typhus, which readers of my book may remember.

Somewhat similar pictures have previously or subsequently been presented by honest writers who know Russia well such as William Henry Chamberlin, Louis Fischer, Victor Kravchenko, John Fischer, Brooks Atkinson, or my good friend the late Hal Denny, who covered Moscow for the *Times* for several years during the purges and who spent many hours telling me just such stories.

But now my three technicians began to get worried. All of them told me that, although they wanted the story

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in print, I must be careful not to use their names, that I must disguise the unit to which they were attached and the project on which it was working, and that I must not even say I had talked to them in their room at the hotel in Moscow, for fear the NKVD would trace their identities and make serious trouble.

I assured them they could trust me to use the material in a setting sufficiently disguised so that it would never embarrass them.

I later ran into similar reliable witnesses who wanted their stories told but who, because of their positions, asked me to protect them by disguise. One was a very young, very alert and very much decorated Air Corps colonel who had arrived in wartime Russia by crash-landing in Siberia during Jimmy Doolittle's raid on Japan. In process of his internment and his escape from the camp, he had learned Russian and spent more than a year in various parts of the country, most of it avoiding NKVD surveillance. This Doolittle flyer's story of internal conditions checked in completely with that of the three technicians.

Under similar pledges of protection I got the dramatic story of the panic of Moscow when the Germans were just outside the city. My first informant was so excited that I doubted, not his sincerity but his accuracy, and did not use this story until I got it confirmed, in a somewhat toned-down version, by an American who was in the city at the time, and who also asked me not to use his name. In rough outline, this account checks with the subsequently published story of Victor Kravchenko who, during this panic, was a captain of defense guards in Moscow.

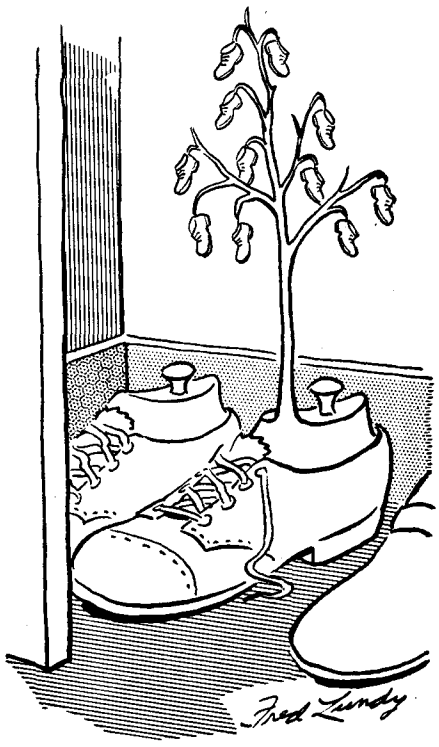
When I got back to America to write the book, there was the serious problem of how to present such important material without wrecking the careers of the six men who had trusted me. In the case of the three technicians I condensed their number to two and, lifting their dialogue out of the hotel bedroom in Moscow, set it down in the airport at Omsk, being reasonably sure that no Americans were then working in or near that city, who could be embarrassed when the book was published and the NKVD man-hunt began.

As I expected, this material was immediately seized on by the Communists and fellow-travelers, who denounced it as complete fiction. I also think that they hoped, by calling me a liar often enough, to make me so mad I would disclose the true names of the men who had trusted me.

The world is a small place. Of those six men I have since heard from four, who took the trouble to look me up and thank me, first, for telling their stories accurately and secondly, for allowing myself to be called a liar by the Communist claque without letting them down.

Such disguises are routine in the work of any reporter who cares to give an honest picture of life under a dictatorship. In 1939, just after the close of the first Polish campaign, I got my first story on the Gestapo round-up of Jews in that country from a trembling Hungarian Jew behind closed doors in his bedroom in the Hotel des Balkans in Berlin. If the man is now dead, it is through no fault of mine. For, although I sent this interview to America, I carefully disguised the time and place of our meeting. Although Hitler had his share of admirers and fellow-travelers among the Americans in Berlin, in 1939 they were on the defensive. So, although for this and other offenses I was presently barred from Germany, no petition was ever circulated among the American reporters denouncing me as a liar and a faker for discussing concentration camps, although the Nazis were just as sensitive on this subject as are the Communists.

The reason the Communist party over here worked so hard to discredit this particular interview was because it contained the estimate that there are



from thirteen to fifteen million Russians in these camps. This ticklish subject is always avoided by pro-Soviet writers just as it once was by pro-Nazi ones. I think no honest picture of Russia is complete without it, and so does Brooks Atkinson, who estimates the Soviet concentration camp population to be between "ten and fifteen million."

Bill Lawrence, who, so far as I know, has never given his own estimate and who has always skirted the subject of Soviet concentration camps in his *Times* articles, criticizes such material because it is "ammunition against the Soviet Union" and, in attacking my interview which contained it, wonders "whether it happened at all."

Certainly I have no quarrel with him, nor with his restrained praise of his own qualifications as an unbiased expert on Russia. Likewise, I agree with his generous estimate of the work of Brooks Atkinson, his successor as *Times* correspondent in Moscow. I know that with equal generosity he will concede that there was a vast difference between what he wrote when he emerged from Russia and the brilliant series by Brooks Atkinson, a difference due entirely, I hasten to add, not to any lack of skill or honesty on the part of Bill Lawrence, but only to a divergence in viewpoint.

W. L. WHITE.

New York, N. Y.

"The Authority"

SIR: After an absence from home, and now catching up on reading matter, I've just read the editorial in your issue for September 28, "The Authority." Please accept my gratitude for your stand on the subject of Mr. Cain's monster. I hope there are enough of us non-Hollywoodenheads to put the monster in his proper place, cheek-by-jowl with Mr. Cain's astounding fictional morons in the movie ads. Now I begin to see why he creates 'em, too.

As an apprentice writer and, more important, a human being accustomed to regarding books and "the arts" as among the necessities of life, and therefore to be treated with respect, I can't express strongly enough my opposition to such a dangerous and stupid scheme. People like me have no way of knowing authoritatively what Communists have to do with it, but at least we can suspect that a stupid American can be as dangerous as a well-instructed Communist, and we're sure to wonder what good more money engineered by an "authority" would do us if and when we are told how to earn that money. And nothing ever written under such conditions in certain countries too easily named gives us any assurance that we should write well, or think well, under any "authority" even Mr. Cain can invent.

ELIZABETH MARION.

Spangle, Wash.

Our Petty Paces

SIR: Comparing the stars and the stellar spaces
To our mundane affairs, our petty paces,
It's pathetic and still it's kind of comical
How every little human thing's gone "astronomical."

OPAL THOMPSON.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Trade Winds Shift

SIR: I don't like Trade Winds in the front of the magazine. It seems too chopped up. Please return it to its former position in the center of *SRL*.

MARIA EVANS.

Joplin, Mo.

SIR: *SRL's* new make up, with Bennett Cerf as the curtain raiser, strikes me as giving the book a better balanced and better integrated format. How about carrying on from there to improve the general typography and photographic reproduction?

GEORGE VRAETH.

San Antonio, Texas.

SIR: Thank you for changing **Cerf's** *Trade Winds*
from the salad course to **aperitif.**

ANNA ROTHE.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader reactions on Trade Winds' new position in the magazine have been fairly evenly divided. The editors invite more comment.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Story of Savage Boredom

CASUALTY. By Robert Lowry. New York: New Directions. 1946. 153 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

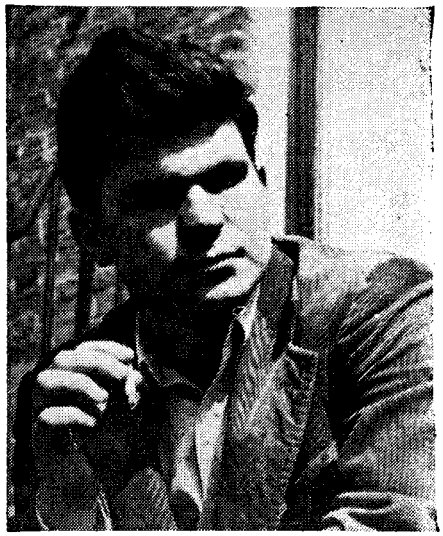
THREE years after the First World War Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers" was published. It established the theme for innumerable war novels that followed, the work of men who expressed the misery, the loneliness, the stupidity of war itself, culminating in 1929 in Eric Remarque's universally read "All Quiet on the Western Front." In a very real sense it was a literature of pacifism, for it taught millions that modern warfare was so loathsome an experience for the ordinary man in uniform that it must not and therefore could not happen again. It took several years of anti-Nazi literature and the shock of Pearl Harbor to get us into the Second World War. The war novels that have appeared since the victory over Germany have not contained these overtones of pacifism. Many of them were written by men who were writers to start with, correspondents who turned to fiction to describe their experiences and emotions.

The young writers who were created by World War II and who have returned home and have had time to reflect and to write their first novels are now begining to appear. It was to be expected that their work would not resemble Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun" or John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano."

A recent newcomer is Robert Lowry who gained his experience and hatred of life in army camps in three years of service as a G.I., most of it in Africa and Italy. His novel, "Casualty," is a story of the savage boredom and mean injustices suffered by the men in a large photo reconnaissance wing stationed in an Italian town. Lowry's contempt for nearly all the officers, from a colonel to a lieutenant, burns in every page of the book. The men themselves, cut off from the experience and hazards of combat, concerned only with sliding through the remainder of the war, go through each day as if it was as unreal as a dream, a nightmare of stumbling forever along an endless road. The officers, greedy for advancement and medals, hating their superiors, find some relief in worrying the men under them. The tragedy in which the novel culminates results from the act of a colonel who feels it necessary to tighten discipline. One of the men had received a letter from his girl breaking off their engagement and when it came time for guard duty was too drunk to move from his cot. A friend substituted for him and was caught. He knew what was the matter with the colonel, "what the Colonel was trying to live down —the fact that in comparison with the men under him he was inferior in every way, experience, education, and intelligence, that he covered it up by being hardboiled, a soldier!" The lieutenant who is directly over him has found him too critical and intelligent so Pfc. Joe Hammond is railroaded without mercy. Unable to bear his disgrace, he gets drunk, falls under a truck, and is killed.

"Casualty" is a powerful novel, and no young man who reads it will want for a long time to put on a uniform of his country and go off to any war. Here is the pattern of "Three Soldiers" revealing itself again. There will be many novels like this to follow.

If there are enough of them, and



"No young man who reads Robert Lowry's 'Casualty' will want to put on . . . a uniform and go to any war."

if they are as well written, if they burn with as much bitterness as Robert Lowry's, they will in the end bring about the same result as the almost forgotten books of twenty years ago.

The Impatience of Simenon

BLIND ALLEY. By Georges Simenon. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 207 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

BESIDES being hasty and incompletely written, this brief novel is also a great disappointment, because it is by Simenon. Simenon, in his latest and very welcome non-detective phase, has published two novels fairly recently that are of remarkable interest. Both of them, and particularly "The Shadow Falls," reveal a relentless, powerful realism and a capacity for psychological penetration that place this prolific young writer of detective stories easily within the best traditions of French naturalism. But prolific he remains, and prolifically he will lay waste his talents. It is possible to write, as Simenon has done, one Inspector Maigret novel a month over a period of two years; but it is not possible to do so with such novels as "The Shadow Falls." In the attempt even to approximate it, Simenon will find himself turning out only hasty pastiches like this "Blind Alley."

It is not entirely waste; it is rather a kind of first sketch for a novel, which Simenon has put forward instead of the novel itself. The thing is stated, the material and background sketched in. Vladimir, a moody if not unhinged Russian who leads a dubious existence somewhere on the French Riviera, commits a crime of jealousy against his naïve friend Blinis. He spends the time after that in protracted remorse, in a growing passion for restitution, until he breaks out at last from his self-spun web of tension, in an act of final violence. And that is all. The book is not so much about this plot as it is about the state of mind of Vladimir. It is about the shades of feeling that succeed one another, washing across him like waves across a sand bar. A portrait of a soul in stress is to be developed right before us, in a literary dark room. The prospectus is highly stimulating. The trouble is that the portrait doesn't develop. The tale is too hasty. It telescopes. We see the end as soon as the beginning. We know all of Vladimir at once, and nothing he does or says adds anything to him. All of the other characters are tumbled upon us with no sense of dramatic timing or spacing, and the whole plot is simply whipped up for a quick baking, with Simenon's eye visibly upon the clock. He wants to start another one.

This is a great pity. We can only record our urgent protest and hope that it will be noted. Let M. Simenon vent his restlessness, if he must, upon a new series of Maigret tales; but let him devote to these other, more considerable tales, the time and the patience that they need, as well as the full psychological development that he can give them only under those conditions.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

THE GOING HOME TRAIN

THE matron from Back Bay was different. Decidedly so. She had lived her life near her cradle. The gold, which for most of us lurks at the rainbow's end, she had discovered on the State House dome. It was all the glister her spirit needed. For her Boston was truly the Hub. The miracle was that she admitted the existence of the outside world which supplied the spokes and rim.

No wonder, therefore, that this Back Bay matron has won a certain anonymous immortality because of an answer she gave when, for once, she found herself uprooted. With a female companion she had one summer ventured across America (by way of Dedham, no doubt) for a brief vacation. The two Bostonians, with culture on their minds, had visited the San Francisco Fair. The day was warm, and they had tramped for miles through the more educational exhibits. At last the matron's friend, mopping her brow, had sighed, "I can go no further. It's much too warm."

"Of course, it is," agreed the Back Bay lady. And this is the answer with which she has edged her way into a deserved remembrance. "Of course, it is. But what can you expect so far from the ocean?"

Most of us have got around more than that Boston matron. Certainly we have if New York is now our home. Often our living there is in itself a certificate of travel. It means that we have at least journeyed to Manhattan, coming there from wherever we may have been raised; coming there because we would not—could not—stay away.

Unlike the Boston lady; unlike, too, even the native-born New Yorkers (of whom there must be many, though our numbers sometimes make them hard to find), we late arrivals are in a paradoxical position. We must leave home to go home for a visit. Like many others the world over we have two homes; the city of our adoption, the city we love with a convert's zeal, the city of which we feel (and trust) we are a part—and the place of our birth.

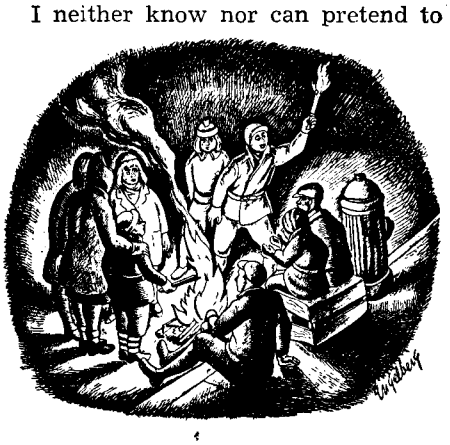
Birth? Much more than that! Had we only been born there, this other place would have no claim on our affections. It is the fact that our childhoods were passed there; that we toddled off to kindergarten there; that we went to school there; that there we grew up, making our first (hence oldest) friends; that our families still live there; and that there we have left a fraction of ourselves, which wins for this other—this first—home a position in our hearts which time cannot dislodge. Although we are no longer a part of the place, except in our fancy, it remains a part of us; in truth, more of a part than we may have suspected until we have left what is now our home to go home for a visit.

A strange, gay, wonderful, poignant experience, this going back. It is as joyful as only snatched time can be when its every second is crowded with agreeable renewals. It is as saddening, too, as everything must be that quickens a vanished past.

For the heart, the mind, and the eyes such a visit is fated to be a mixed season, combining spring and winter. In the midst of its gaiety there are ghosts; ghosts which have multiplied on each return. Yet even this inescapable melancholy can claim its endearing attributes. It has its origins in pleasure; in the remembrance of cherished people who are no more, in the reliving in the mind's eye of incidents from years back, and the sudden revival of memories which we had thought we did not have.

I know whereof I write when I speak of these mixed emotions because recently I have made just such a visit. Not as long a one, by many days and nights, as I should have liked. No, as short as the Pullman porter life of a lecture trip demands. But, at any rate, a visit of week-end length. And as such, longer, hence much more enjoyable, and disturbing, than those hectic, tantalizing stopovers which these past ten years or so have usually allowed.

I neither know nor can pretend to know your feelings when you return for an occasional visit to your first home. I suspect, however, they are not very different from mine. I will confess that my heart begins to accelerate whenever the train or plane I am on nears Louisville.



I find that, without my directing it, my nose has flattened itself against the pane. The first glance at that wide, gray-brown ribbon which is the Ohio, as we cross the bridge at St. Albany (or, for that matter, at distant Cincinnati), and I discover that the same excitement is mine which first I knew almost thirty years ago when I was heading home from school for vacation.

The approaches into Louisville by train are, I suppose, as ugly as are the courses railroads follow in most cities to reach their stations. I do not care. For me these tracks in Louisville have a fascination which, if anything, has grown, not faded. They are lined with landmarks. I keep peeping beyond broken fences, tired factories, or sooty sheds for glimpses of the streets and houses beyond.

WITH the glimpse of this building or that corner the city suddenly begins talking to me. It continues doing so, no matter who else may be talking, until I am once again on the train. What it speaks is the language of sights long ago known and lived and played in. And this is a language as ceaseless as it is eloquent. I don't mean sights in the Baedeker sense. I mean in the personal sense, where houses, stores, movie theatres, street corners, backyards, and mere turnings in a road can, because of the recollections they evoke, be as emphatically four-starred for the individual as they would be properly ignored by the guide-books.

Even in the eyes of Louisville's Rotary Club the Tenth Street Station cannot be a beautiful building. No citizen has ever thought so. Nor has any transient mistaken it for the work of Bullfinch, Stanford White, or Frank Lloyd Wright. The influences of Palladio or Inigo Jones are as slight upon it as the traces of the smoke of panting locomotives are heavy. It is just an unregenerate station, if you will; both a Sis Hopkins and a Topsy of a building.

Yet I would not have one of its bricks or stones changed. Not for anything; certainly not for a visitor searching for what has been no less than for what is. I can get off a train, unmet, at Tenth Street, and find the platform crowded with the people who once met me or saw me off many years ago. Although alone, I can never be in the place alone.

The nights I used to prowl around

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Ira Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Alice Tobin, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • David Burns • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Smash COMEDY Hit by...
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
★ New York—Hudson Theatre
★ Chicago—Blackstone Theatre
★ San Francisco—Curran Theatre

A smash hit of enormous proportions."
—Ward Morehouse, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Tops in Entertainment." —Red Book
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
A Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
NATIONAL, 41st Street W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the VOICE of the TURTLE
BEATRICE PEARSON • ALAN BAXTER • VICKI CUMMINGS
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed & Sat.

the station as a cub reporter on the *Times* and the *Courier*. . . . The flag-draped caskets containing the bodies of soldiers sent home after World War I. . . . The departure or arrival of out-of-town friends. . . . The thrill of starting out on what was then such a hazardous adventure as a trip *alone* to Dayton. . . . Such recollections flood me. But mainly the images of people, many of whom I can no longer meet or be met by. Nevertheless they are there, their voices almost audible. This makes me the more grateful to a building which remains unchanged.

OF course, Louisville is not the same Louisville I knew. At least not physically, though the kindliness of the place and the warmth and friendliness of its people continues to be blessedly unaltered. The city has grown and grown, pushing up new buildings, new factories, new schools and churches, and beautiful residential sections many of which were all but undeveloped when I lived there.

As has happened in American city after American city, there has been a flight toward the country. In its wake has come an abandonment of the turn-of-the century town houses where my friends lived. Although most of these houses still stand, gasoline stations, dry cleaners, and funeral parlors have taken over many of them. Yet in spite of the new occupants, I find in block after block that the mere shell of these homes is enough to recreate for me the days that were in jumbled, startled, but amazingly graphic flashes.

Are the tallest buildings downtown smaller than I thought they were, when, full of pride and amazement, I watched many of them go up? This shrinkage is supposed to occur. It is said to be a part of the lost wonder that comes with growing up. No doubt it has taken place.

Certainly the Gavin H. Cochran School is smaller than it was during my first year there when I faced a teacher who corrected us by saying, "Do you want me to warm your jacket for you?" She meant something else, and would proceed to warm it with a black butter paddle which raised blisters because of the holes cut in its surface. I used to think, even in the eighth grade, that this red brick school house, with its cupola, was vaster than the Capitol in Washington. The Capitol now seems larger.

If the buildings, which appeared enormous in our youth, have grown smaller with time and absence, one reason for this must be that, due to the memories with which all of us have loaded them, they have had no other choice than to sink a little. They carry our memories for us, and are over-burdened. Until they prompt us,

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"A delightful picture —top ranking film entertainment."
—Kate Cameron, News.
"THE JOLSON STORY"
in TECHNICOLOR
LARRY PARKS • EVELYN KEYES
Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN
Produced by SIDNEY SKOLSKY
A Columbia Picture
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"ALL IN A DAY"—Novel revue produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . featuring the Corps de Ballet, Rockettes, Choral Ensemble and Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

BETTE DAVIS
PAUL HENREID
CLAUDE RAINS
DECEPTION
WARNER ACHIEVEMENT
HOLLYWOOD
B'WAY 51st • CONTINUOUS
OPENS 10:30 A.M. LATE MIDNIGHT FILM

Paramount Presents
IRVING BERLIN'S
"BLUE SKIES"
in TECHNICOLOR
Bing Crosby • Fred Astaire
Joan Caulfield
Produced by Sol C. Siegel
Directed by Stuart Heisler
IN PERSON
Stan Kenton and Orchestra
Dean Murphy
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
THE KING COLE TRIO
Times Square PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story of a young American girl who grew up too soon in two alien worlds

South OF Heaven

A novel by
LETTIE ROGERS

➡ Judy Ward's missionary parents were too busy saving souls to pay more than casual attention to the upbringing of their daughter. She spent most of her time with the Chinese servants and their children . . spoke only Chinese until she was five. A sensitive and compassionate novel of a child who had to choose between the China she loved, and the one her mother hated.

➡ "Delightful. A charming story, a warm-hearted picture of Chinese character, and a vivid report of life in the interior of China during the days when the now aging Kuomintang was a young and revolutionary party." — *N.Y. Times Book Review.* *$2.50*

At all bookstores
RANDOM HOUSE
New York

we do not even realize what we are capable of recalling.

No one can do justice to the pleasure of seeing friends who have been friends since childhood. Such friends have a warmth that years of not seeing them cannot chill. No letters have to have been written. Time and geography are only interruptions. Ten minutes' talk and you are as closely in touch as if you had corresponded regularly.

The questions of health and well-being somehow never seem perfunctorily asked. Your wife. The children —yours and theirs. The state of the world. What you have been doing. Plans. The divorces or deaths of mutual friends. All of these are plunged into at once. But in the midst of discussions of the present, the past also enters. Often that is not unnaturally the truest, the most pressing, point of contact. It is what no one can take from you. And what a bond it can prove!

The same old, dear stories are retold, and never lose their joy. They are listened to as hungrily as if they were new. In a sense they are. Our hunger for them makes them new as the past slips further and further away, and fewer and fewer are left who remember or care, or can laugh blissfully at the same inexplicable cues.

After such a visit as this last one to Louisville, I start back for New York, pitying that Boston lady who had only had one home. When my train or plane nears Manhattan, I find my nose is once again flattened against the pane. At Stamford or Newark my heart invariably begins to pound with anticipation. New York also has its past for me; its present, too, and, I trust, its long future. I never get back to it without a thrill. All the way in from the airport or up from the station I discover I am practically pushing the taxi to get to my home, and feel that I am there already as I look at New York.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

A Friend

By Witter Bynner

WE KNOW, whom he has left behind,
That he was rare among his kind
And yet was mortal among men:
At least he cannot die again.

He may have continuity,
He may survive in you or me;
But lucky or luckless, you and I
Have still ahead of us to die.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
present

"ENCHANTING"—*Atkinson, Times*
HELEN HAYES
in
"Happy Birthday"
A New Comedy by **ANITA LOOS**
Directed by **JOSHUA LOGAN**
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"ALL TRIUMPHANT!"—*Barnes, Her. Trib*
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by **IRVING BERLIN**
Book by **HERBERT** *and* **DOROTHY FIELDS**
with **RAY MIDDLETON**
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:35 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:35

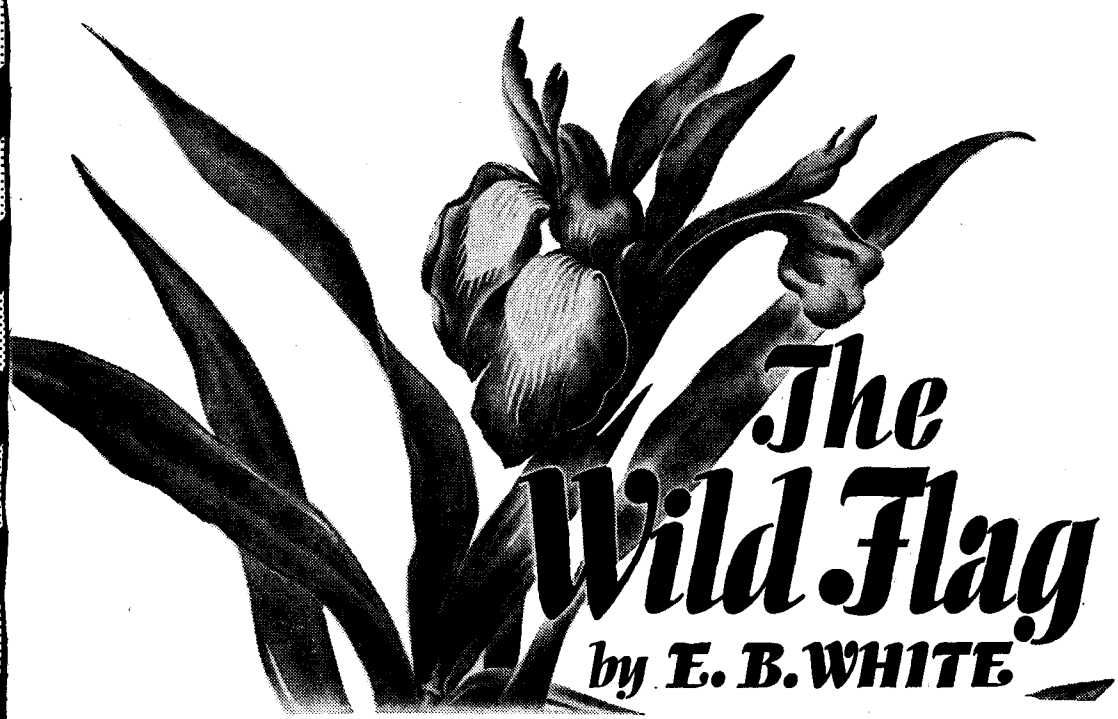
"Immortal - Grand - Magnificient"
—*Chapman, News*
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave.
2 Perf. Sat. & Sun.—2:30-8:30

"Rattling good theatre."—*Atkinson, Times*
JOSE FERRER *in*
CYRANO de BERGERAC
Frances Reid — Ralph Clanton — Hiram Sherman
Paula Laurence — Francis Compton
Ernest Graves — William Woodson
ALVIN THEA. 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats WED. & SAT. 2:30

"HOW TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS FROM APES"

EARNEST ALBERT HOOTON, Harvard's famous anthropologist, explains with wit and learning, the scientific differences between homo sapiens and his simian cousins in the November issue of *ENCORE* now on sale at all leading newsstands. *ENCORE*, the pocket-size magazine with an I. Q., costs 25 cents a copy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Wild Flag

by E. B. WHITE

The lazy and grandiose state of world thinking is the target for E. B. White's cogent and perfectly-timed remarks. He sees too clearly that only the diplomatic vocabulary has changed, not its aims. Statesmen still stumble over the word international when they should use it sincerely and often as a substitute for "national". We quote some of Mr. White's picturesque thinking about these problems which face the world today.

"If somebody were to discover rubber plantations on Mars, a world government would not only be a prime necessity, it would be a damn cinch."

"Paranoia is a relatively simple problem in communities which enjoy police, laws, courts, jails, hospitals, and doctors. It becomes unmanageable only at the global level, where none of these conveniences exists as yet."

"That is a wild flag, *Iris tectorum*. I propose all countries adopt it, so that it will be impossible for us to insult each other's flag."

"The pattern of life is plain enough. The world shrinks. It will eventually be unified. What remains to be seen (through eyes that now bug out with mortal terror) is whether the last chapter will be written in blood or in Quink."

At all bookstores, $2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springtime for Edward

UNEASY SPRING. By Robert Molloy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 293 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is a sympathetic and gently satiric comedy of a middle-aged man who, for one uneasy season, waivers in his choice between romance, passionate and disturbing and impractical, and physical and emotional stability and comfort. Edward Stafford's first wife had been practically perfect. If he felt, sometimes, that he had missed a certain ecstasy, their relationship had still been a deeply satisfying and happy one. Alice had managed their life together and their home with efficiency and serenity, and the only thing that she had not planned was that she should suddenly die and leave Edward and their two children adrift and rudderless.

Eleven-year-old Hugh had been deeply shaken by his mother's death, and the school psychologist cautioned Edward that the child was suffering from emotional insecurity; fifteen-year-old Ellen, standing with not so reluctant feet where the brook and river meet, baffled her father; and the household under the careless hands of maids who are here today and gone tomorrow, was rapidly becoming a domestic shambles. Shall Edward marry again, and if so, whom?

Into this highly susceptible orbit comes Frances, a twenty-eight-year-old singer, beautiful, temperamental, selfish and not nearly so talented as she believes herself to be. Mr. Molloy has given us here a penetrating and merciless picture of a musical dilettante, self-confident, gullible, going from teacher to teacher, justifying her failures by accusing everyone else of professional jealousy, taking herself and her phony "maestros" with an arrogant and intense seriousness. Even in his infatuation Edward perceives Frances's shallowness, but he sees in her the recapturing of his youth. And there is Mary Oliver, his wife's cousin, whom the family thrusts upon him, more or less obviously, as a matrimonial candidate. Mary is his own age, intelligent, mature, and she is as nearly a replica of Alice as can be found. And the children adore her. It becomes fairly evident to the reader what Edward's final choice will be, as Mr. Molloy steers him through the turmoil of his second April.

One feels that the author has stacked the cards a bit against his forty-six-year-old hero. There is just a touch here of that familiar thesis that there is something faintly comic in the desire of a person past his first youth to recapture the glamour of physical and emotional passion. Not that Mr. Molloy has made Edward appear ridiculous; but for the purposes of writing a romantic comedy he has given the reader the impression that really Edward should have known better. After all, forty-six is not the sere and yellow leaf, and Edward could have been luckier in his alternatives. But that, as I say, would have been a different story, not this conventional comedy.

The underlying theme, however, is deeper and more true, and it is that in the decisions one makes one tends to repeat a pattern—a pattern predestined and established by inherent qualities of personality. What else could Edward have done, being what he was? He chose security and peace again because he had done it before. In his first marriage he chose Alice instead of a more rapturous and demanding love; in his second he made exactly the same choice.

"Uneasy Spring" is deft and witty and often poignant, and though it misses being a really profound study of a man and his emotions it has a quality of warmth and human understanding which makes it a thoroughly charming and appealing book.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MEMORABLE WORDS OF DICKENS CHARACTERS

From rereading their own words, can you identify these twenty immortal characters from the works of Charles Dickens? Allowing 5 points for each one, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 43.

1. "At present, and until something turns up (which I am, I may say, hourly expecting), I have nothing to bestow but advice."
2. "Be wery careful o' vidders all your life."
3. "Buy an annuity cheap, and make your life interesting to yourself and everyone else that watches the speculation."
4. "Don't aske me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged."
5. "Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word 'papa,' besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism are all very good words for the lips, especially prunes and prism."
6. "God bless us, every one!"
7. "I am a demd villain! I will fill my pockets with change for a sovereign in half-pence and drown myself in the Thames. I will become a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!"
8. "I am a lone, lorn creetur, and everythink goes contrairy with me."
9. "I am constantly being bailed out, like a boat. Somebody always does it for me. *I* can't do it, you know, for I never have any money; but Somebody does it. God bless him!"
10. "I am well aware that I am the 'umblest person going. My mother is likewise a very 'umble person. We live in a numble abode."
11. "I an't quite certain where that's to be found, but, when found, make a note of."
12. "I don't believe there ever was a man as could come out so strong under circumstances that would make other men miserable, as I could, if I could only get a chance. But I can't get a chance."
13. "If the law supposes that [my wife acts under my direction] the law is a ass, a idiot."
14. "It is a far, far better thing that I do that I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."
15. "It was a true as turnips is. It was as true as taxes is. And nothin's truer than them."
16. "I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favor of your husband and child and not in opposition to 'em."
17. "Please, sir, I want some more."
18. "Whatever the world's opinions on the subject may be, Pip, your sister is a — fine — figure — of — a — woman! A little redness, or a little matter of bone here or there — what does it signify to me?"
19. "What is the odds, so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conwiviality and the wing of friendship never moults a feather?"
20. "What I want is facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. Stick to facts, sir!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John P MARQUAND

writes his first major novel in which a woman plays the leading part

B. F.'s Daughter is the story of Polly Fulton who had everything—beauty, brains and money. But the strength she inherited from her father was in conflict with her other inheritance, the inheritance of her times. Strength was not enough in a world where nothing mattered that had happened before the War. Polly had to learn the hard way.

For its reality, for its characters, for its picture of an era, *B. F.'s Daughter* is Marquand at the peak of his power. 875,000 copies in print. *The Literary Guild Selection for November.* $2.75

B. F.'s Daughter

Rumer Godden writes a sensitive and perceptive new novel

In this moving story of what happens during the most formative and vital days in the life of a gifted young girl, Rumer Godden reveals a new facet of her rich and varied talent . . . the same wit and penetrating wisdom that made BLACK NARCISSUS, and TAKE THREE TENSES memorable for her many readers. $2.00

The RIVER

Mazo de la Roche What is happening to the Whiteoaks today?

The Whiteoaks are back at Jalna! Finch and Renny, Piers and Wakefield are back to face a new world and fight fiercely, as never before, against encroachments on their Victorian independence. One of fiction's most famous families is back in a heart-warming new novel. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* $2.75

RETURN TO JALNA

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poppa Mezz

REALLY THE BLUES. By Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe. New York: Random House. 1946. 388 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

THIS is the story of Milton Mezzrow, known as "Mezz" or "The Mezz" or "Poppa Mezz," a white clarinetist of Russian-Jewish extraction who now, after thirty hard years, calls himself with great pride a Negro. His story is important for several reasons.

In the New York Public Library today there are some 250,000 books about music, of which about 150 are concerned with jazz. There have been several respectable books on jazz in recent years, but, for the most part, they have been written by peripherals, by Europeans, by intellectuals who have insisted upon hearing nuances which do not exist, and by well-intentioned souls whose inadequate backgrounds enabled them to hear the sounds without understanding the meanings. "Really the Blues" is the first book by an insider, a man who "played the music in a lot of places these last thirty years, from Al Capone's roadhouses to swing joints along 52nd Street in New York, Paris nightclubs, Harvard University, dicty Washington embassies and Park Avenue salons, not to mention all the barrelhouse dives."

There is such a thick haze of marihuana and opium smoke throughout the book that it will be described, inevitably, as a contemporary DeQuincey. Mezzrow was born in Chicago, of a family "as respectable as a Sunday morning, loaded with doctors, lawyers, dentists, and pharmacists." But the nervous itch of adventure was always in him, as was "something all puffed up in me, but I couldn't dig what it was or give it a name." When he was sent to work school for stealing a car, he found some release in music, which he learned from Negro inmates ("Music school? Are you kidding? I learned to play sax in Pontiac Reformatory.")

But this was not enough—he was unable to play as he wanted to, in the real jazz idiom. Later, he found that marihuana seemed to make his music sharper and truer ("the notes kept sliding out of my horn like bubbles in seltzer water"); still later, in New York, disgusted with his friends who had deserted the New Orleans jazz to play a hybrid style which was both strange and revolting to him, he took to "pushing" (selling) it. Reefers (or "grefa" or "muta" or "the mezz"—there seem to be more synonyms for marihuana in jive than there are slang expressions for money or intoxication in workaday English) made Mezz high and happy. Opium, to which he was addicted for nearly five years, brought him down, made him miserable, and nearly ended him. ("It took me five minutes to get into that room with a wet sheet hanging over the door, and, later on, damn near five years to crawl out again, on my hands and knees.") Perhaps the most brilliant section in the book describes how Mezzrow, with the help of a doctor who had deemed his case hopeless, fought his way through the nightmare and rid himself of the opium curse once and for all.

But there was still marihuana, and ultimately he was sent to jail again for pushing it. This was the final blow. Mezzrow had been responsible for discovering and developing some of the greatest hot musicians of all time; he was the intimate friend of Bix Beiderbecke, Frank Teschemaker, Louis Armstrong, Jimmy Noone, Johnny Dodds, Sidney Bechet, and many others who have made jazz history. But he saw something happening to his white friends: though they were influenced by Negro jazz, to Mezz's estimation they weren't anthropologically capable of playing it; there was in their music an expression of a false, contrived culture. And so, revolted by the white man, and finding himself as a white man unable to identify himself with fundamentally honest music, Mezz as he entered prison told the warden that he was a Negro. Later, he designated himself as a member of the race on his *Selective Service* card.

Today, as the president of a company devoted to recording New Orleans jazz records, Mezz Mezzrow is contributing greatly to the documentation of America's native music. But whatever he is doing now—whatever he may do in the future—the fact will remain that in "Really the Blues" he and Bernard Wolfe have given us a multi-sided book which is technically, psychologically, and historically interesting, and which may well survive beyond most of the transient material with which we are besieged from day to day, the material which is making of ours the false culture which Mezzrow says it is.

Cypress Swamp

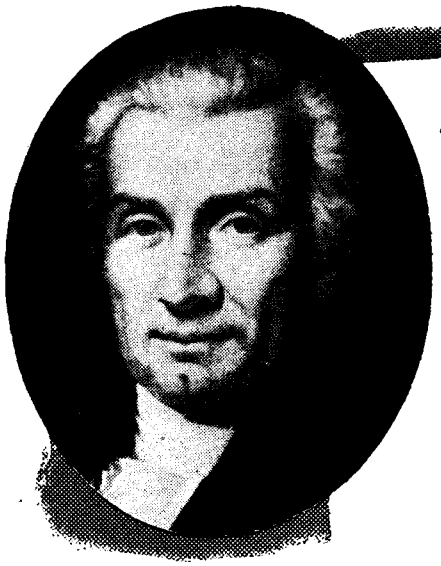
By Lysbeth Boyd Borie

LOOK where the Cypresses
Died in the root-dark waters.
Look on the gaunt and final evidence,
The sinews twisted,
The ashen, long despair,
The arms flung upward.
Look how the stubborn roots resisted.
Sullen, club-footed,
Irrevocably rooted
In the persistent mire.

Watch where the live-oaks gather
Hopeless along the edge,
These are the lesser dead,
The harmless, the demented.
Half-witted sisters
Dipping their pale, moss hair
Slowly from side to side.
These are the lost, the unlamented,
Dropping their frail, moss curtsies
Along the empty wind,
And on the vacant mind.

Look on the root-dark waters,
Motionless, lethal-fed.
Listen again, how the last air
Echoes the chant of the incessant dead.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE period is approaching when America will again have it in her power to retrieve her name & her fortunes, to become again the patroness of peace, harmony & liberty at home, among citizens to whom those sentiments are natural; and to exhibit an illustrious example to an interested & beholding world, at an epoch the most solemn & awful that ever existed, of a people governing themselves in the practice of all these great & benevolent virtues. Will she avail herself of this opportunity, which if pretermitted may perhaps never occur again, or will she still pursue the downhill & degenerate track in which she has already gone so far, till she consummates her own ruin and dishonors mankind?"

James Monroe

JAMES MONROE

by W. P. Cresson

A DISTINGUISHED biography of the President whose personal story is so closely bound up with his country's early history that to read it is to recapture the very flavor of those turbulent times. Then, as now, America felt the eyes of the world upon her . . . then as now a controversial foreign policy called praise and condemnation on her head. The Monroe Doctrine, the Louisiana Purchase, sectional controversies in the Continental Congress, British encroachment on American commerce, relations with Indians, western lands and land-grants to soldiers, slavery in Missouri, recognition of South American republics—these are the high points in a life which is a refresher in American history. *Illustrated,* $5.00

THE PEOPLE LOOK AT RADIO

by Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Harry Field, tells, with facts and figures, what the public likes, and does not like, in its present radio entertainment. An objective report based on a nationwide survey made by the *National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver,* correlated and analyzed by the *Bureau of Applied Social Research of Columbia.* $2.50

THE WILSON ERA

by Josephus Daniels

TWO great volumes of reminiscences by Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, *Years of Peace, 1910-1917,* and *Years of War and After, 1917-1923*—"a significant dossier on our times" *(The New Yorker),* "of great value" *(Chicago Sun). 2 volumes, fully illustrated, handsomely boxed.* $7.50

THE MANSIONS of Virginia

by Thomas T. Waterman. "A work of first-rate importance." —*The New Yorker.* "One of the most important studies of art in America."—*Art Bulletin.*

Fully illustrated, $10.00

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

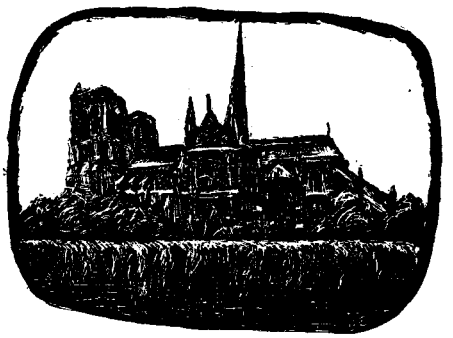
THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA PRESS, *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Be Taken in Small Doses

FRENCH FOLLIES AND OTHER FOLLIES. By Francis Steegmuller. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 174 pp. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN



IN addition to its primary business of being one of the world's most entertaining magazines, *The New Yorker* carries on an increasing business as a book factory. Into it, week by week, cartoonists and prose writers and verse writers pour their products, and from it, as often as possible it would seem, they extract whole volumes. Some of these volumes are fairly substantial affairs, while others are wafer-thin. Many of them suffer, also, from being composed of little pieces that are far too similar to one another: pieces that were designed to be encountered one by one, at decent intervals, rather than in a lump. *The New Yorker*, as is well known, has a general style of its own, and within the orbit of that general style each one of its luminaries moves with its own particular style, without encouragement to vary it. The result is that most of the derivative books are best used for casual and intermittent enjoyment. They are made to be picked up and put down, rather than to be read or looked at straight through.

The present collection of twenty short stories, or sketches, is a case in point. Amusing in any one of its parts, it is rather monotonous as a whole, if taken as a whole. Mr. Steegmuller is, as the old phrase puts it, a born raconteur. No anecdote is too trivial to be impressed into service, no passing experience so slight that it cannot be blown up, delicately, cleverly, to usable size. It would be impossible, I should say, for a writer to be more economical in his use of material, to make a little go a longer way than does Mr. Steegmuller. He is the kind of person who is quite capable of going into a telephone booth and coming out with a story without having lifted the receiver. He also has a gift which he shares with a most dissimilar writer by the name of Defoe: whatever part imagination may play in his compositions, they seem, when he wishes them to seem so, strictly factual.

My advice, then, as regards "French Follies and Other Follies," is to put it on your night table or in the guest room, where it can be called upon for an occasional smile or laugh. Sharing Mr. Steegmuller's adventures abroad and at home, you will find him an unfailingly humorous companion, while, according to your temperament, you will cherish one or another of your quarter-hours with him as being especially delightful. The French they are a funny race, as every old doughboy and young GI knows, and it is the French who supply a good proportion of the fun contained in Mr. Steegmuller's pages. For instance, there is the anecdote of the masseur, of whom France may well be proud, who was so gallant with one of the author's friends. "According to her, he took one look at the material on which he had been called in to work and stepped back with a Gallic cry. *'Quelle splendeur!'* he exclaimed. 'The slightest change would be sacrilege! Forgive me, Madame, if I refuse to do as you request.'"

My favorite, however, of all the characters who appear in these pages is Franzl, an interior decorator from Vienna, who was an amateur of rubber plants. Insisting that the Steegmullers must have one for their home, he led them on a quest to Brooklyn, where they met up with two obviously immovable giants belonging to rival greenhouses. To the nostalgic Viennese, they were a revelation. "'I am very surprised,' he said solemnly, 'and very, very glad to find in such a new country as America such fine old rubber trees. I assure you, my friends, they compare favorably, very favorably, with the old Emperor Franz Joseph's rubber trees at Schönbrunn. I wish that some of the Germans who jeer at America as a land of uncultured barbarians could see these trees.' His voice became more vehement. 'They'd laugh on the other side of their face, I can tell you.'"

Yes, Franzl is my favorite. But the night shift policeman, "Madison around Fifty-seventh," runs him a close second.

When justice degenerates, nations collapse. That is the tragic theme of this first great novel out of the war to portray the moral effect of conquest and occupation on a whole people.

ALL THY CONQUESTS

By ALFRED HAYES

A BRILLIANT, brutal, passionate story of a whole nation caught in the agony of conquest and political chaos.

ROME is the background of Alfred Hayes' novel. It's a Rome Baedeker never knew, a story drunk with avarice, violence, amorous G. I.'s, fascist careerists, degenerate aristocrats and bewildered officers. Its love story flowers pathetically in a wasteland made by conquerors.

GRIM, bitter and brilliant," says Amy Loveman in the *Saturday Review of Literature.* "As tensely emotional, sensitive and imaginative as only a poet could make it." Orville Prescott in *The New York Times.* $2.75

HOWELL, SOSKIN, PUBLISHERS, Inc., 17 East 45th Street, N. Y. 17

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISTINCTION AND VARIETY IN *Viking's* LATEST BOOKS

Frances Perkins

During 35 history-making years, Frances Perkins was Roosevelt's friend, confidante, and aide. This warm and intimate story of his personal and political growth is a unique contribution to the history of a man and his era. *Illustrated* $3.75

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW

Bruno Frank

These nine stories and novelettes—the last work of this brilliant German writer, including the first chapter of an unfinished novel—are masterpieces of storytelling in the continental vein. They reveal his humor, humanity, and delicate irony at its best. $2.50

THE MAGICIAN and Other Stories

Garson Kanin

Now it's a hilarious book! With its wonderful characters, uproarious plot, and important theme, this current Broadway comedy hit is going to be seen, read, and remembered for a lot of tomorrows. $2.00

BORN YESTERDAY

Drew Middleton

In this personal narrative of the war years, a gifted and sensitive correspondent gives us headline events in flesh-and-blood dimensions. A significant story of human beings in conflict, written with historic perspective. $3.75

OUR SHARE OF NIGHT

George Fielding Eliot

How can we protect ourselves against war? "Major Eliot's book is recommended as a thorough and honest analysis of our need for security and of the minimum requirements for attaining that security."—BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG, *Saturday Review.* $3.00

THE STRENGTH WE NEED

Waldo R. Browne

EDITOR

This international symposium on the State, its past, present, and future, is the work of 54 prominent twentieth-century writers—a penetrating and readable discussion of today's most vital problem, sovereignty. $3.75

LEVIATHAN IN CRISIS

At all booksellers • THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Glittering Ladder to Stardom

DREAM STREET. By Robert Sylvester. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 252 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by Pfc. Arthur C. Fields

JAKE HARKNESS is a combination of stereotyped heroes. He is brusque, blunt, and uncanny—something like Nick Carter, detective. He is soft, sensitive, and vulnerable—like Jack Brown in the "Wasteland," and he is shrewd, officious, and sick of himself—like Victor Norman of "Hucksters" fame. And yet it is that very combination that clicks when Jake Harkness sets out to smash through show business, a business "phony from script to box office—and as empty as last week's whiskey bottle."

Just as Frederic Wakeman carved open the radio advertising field, peering and probing into its innermost tickings, so Robert Sylvester lays bare the glittering ladder to stardom, the tedious step-by-step process to fame that sometimes forgets the requirements of talent and substitutes the glib tongue of promotion.

> People say we make [movie] actors out of drug clerks and I guess we do, at that. Who couldn't be an actor with ten billion dollars' worth of experience, engineering brains, and equipment to make his voice sound manly, his nose look pretty, his wig shine like real hair, and his teeth look like they were born in his face? This isn't an art; it's a masquerade.

So when Jake Harkness tells Penny Farmer—an ordinary, two weeks' stand night-club singer—"I'm going to create something through you and I'm going to do it by being a hack. I'm going to take you and apply the formula to you. The old promotion. Only instead of doing it halfway, I'm going to use every trick that has ever been used, and a few of my own besides"; the reader skirts the sparkling front row curtain and moves behind the scenes to the world of the men who make the stars.

The cast of characters is varied. There are the gag writers, the movie producers, the waiters at the musicians' restaurants, the columnists, the hat check girls, the bright juveniles, and the glamour boys—all resplendent in their individualities and as necessary to show business as cold cream and false eyelashes. There are the big deals and the movie contracts; the trades and the promotional stunts. And also tied up in the theatrical web are saloon keepers, doormen, shoe shine boys, sidewalk artists, old jockeys, and con men—all a part of this business "for the fools, the selfish, and the vicious."

It is upon this stage of unrealities and false values that Mr. Sylvester sets his story. As a plot, it is trite and empty. Jake Harkness is successful in his build-up for Penny Farmer. She steps from the spotlights of a night club to the footlights of the theatre. From there it is the radio, and finally the diploma of a movie contract. Penny Farmer, singer, hits stardom and yet the man who put her there feels he has failed. Like most men who dedicate themselves to something false and vacuous, Jake lets slip by the one thing tangible in his life, his love for Penny Farmer, the girl.

Yet, strangely enough, this same simple plot, cast in this lavish setting, somehow takes on a different flavor, a new meaning that is derived from the back drop of the bare theatre. Just as Damon Runyon's "Little Miss Marker" is all the more intense through the grossness of its setting, so "Dream Street" succeeds as a book, rather than as a mere exposé. Unlike the "Hucksters" and "The Big Noise," which fail to transcend their fields of radio and advertising, respectively, "Dream Street" integrates its material with a plain tale of the men backstage—the actresses and their agents, the promotional men like Jake Harkness.

Never has

Sholem Asch

written with greater power and understanding than in

EAST RIVER

a novel of twentieth century New York by the author of THE NAZARENE and THE APOSTLE

"Vibrantly real characters and many touching and dramatic scenes . . . a rich vitality, a crackling energy keeps it continuously readable. EAST RIVER is a book of genuine stature written with passionate sincerity."
—Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times*

"Every reader will be able to recognize its **spiritual eloquence,** and find particular meaning in it for his own uses."—Nathan L. Rothman, *Saturday Review of Literature*

At all bookstores • $3.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BARABBAS

A novel of the time of Jesus

by EMERY BEKESSY

● A tremendously alive novel about history's infamous man of hate, Barabbas, the black-bearded national hero, to whom the mob gave freedom in place of Jesus. Its dramatic action, real people, and striking parallels to today's prevailing unrest make this story of the time of Jesus one of the most compelling novels of the year. $2.75

January Selection of Religious Book Club.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Prentice Hall

70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

THE Miracle OF THE BELLS

BY Russell Janney

This new best-seller is one of the most remarkable and inspiring stories you have ever read — a rich blend of tears, laughter, humor, and warmth.

"The thousands of readers who enjoyed *The Song of Bernadette* will rush to get copies of *The Miracle of the Bells*. They'll find a spacious and colorful story."
— *Saturday Review of Literature*

—Now 175,000 copies in print. $3.00

ALLY BETRAYED

by David Martin

Introduction by Rebecca West

THE startling evidence behind Yugoslavia's current political belligerence makes timely reading for everyone bent on learning *facts* behind today's muddled "news" from one of Europe's sorest trouble spots. The huge Utashi massacres, the true war record of Mihailovich—these and other astonishing disclosures will make the reader wonder whether the governments of America and Great Britain acted wrongly in building up the reputation of Marshal Tito. Rebecca West says: "Told with commendable courage . . . David Martin has scrupulously followed fact. I can vouch for that."

Illustrated, $3.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Small Town Malice

THAT HAGEN GIRL. By Edith Roberts. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 311 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

LESS bitter than Mrs. Roberts's "Tamarack," which also was concerned with the effects of gossip in a small community, and less exaggerated than her "Little Hell—Big Heaven," in which social cleavage also played its part, this new novel combines the two themes of those earlier stories. Yet the themes are so diversely treated here, they are developed in such different surroundings, and the author is so proficient in her craft that a completely fresh and original tale is the result.

Mrs. Roberts shows how the mystery surrounding Janie Hagen's parentage—and especially the way in which people babbled about it—conditioned the whole complexion of the young girl's life. Brought to a small Midwestern town as a baby, Janie grew up among the very poor of the humble East Side while most of the town believed her the unacknowledged bastard of rich Mr. Gateley's daughter and of a queer fellow, Tom Bates, part lawyer and part archeologist. Was it Janie's inheritance or the speculation about it ("Look who she is: what else could you expect?") that eventually turned her into "that Hagen girl"?

The secret and unexpected return of the aristocratic Gateley family with their daughter Grace, the news that Grace was so ill no one could see her and that the local carpenter had been engaged to wall up one wing of the family mansion, combined to precipitate gossip throughout the West End of provincial Jordan. And when it was learned that at the very time the Gateleys so suddenly returned their laundress had come home from a visit to a sister she had never mentioned and had brought with her a baby she claimed as her own (though how she had concealed her pregnancy her curious neighbors could not imagine), then the whole town, both East End and West End, crackled with guesses.

Thus Janie grew up in an atmosphere sultry with suspicion and class consciousness. A spirited girl with a vivid imagination, she early detected the whisperings all around her and repeatedly wondered whether "if you were born bad, you *were* bad." Maladjusted to the Hagens' ugly household, she was equally thwarted throughout her high school career whenever her talents brought her into contact with the boys and girls of the town's upper classes. Moreover, her slender, dark-haired beauty made her exotically attractive to men, and damaging evidence soon began to accumulate that Janie was "fast." Even she connected her pleasure in stolen kisses with the supposed adultery of her parents.

The novel carefully documents the stages in the girl's conduct, her struggles between her own physical passion and her desire to "be good," the way in which she became disillusioned about religion and about the promises of various men in whom she placed her faith. Many people enter the story, and Edith Roberts knows how these people talk and behave, as well as what "the long, sharp tongue of a small town" can do to sprinkle malice over its interpretations. She writes sincerely and straightforwardly, though without distinction. The tale is neatly patterned, moves swiftly, and climax succeeds climax with the regularity of the installments in a serial. Perhaps because contrivance is a little too apparent, some of the plot (especially at the beginning and end) does not carry conviction and perhaps for the same reason Janie, who achieves reality in many individual scenes, does not quite come alive as an integrated whole. Yet the story itself has numerous elements that make for popularity, and lending libraries would do well to stock it.

THE LETTERS AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF

William Makepeace

THACKERAY

Collected and edited by

Gordon N. Ray

FOUR VOLUMES BOXED $25

"A wonderful collection for anyone who really wants to know the man. The letters were written with charming unaffectedness and spontaneity. This is a work to be added to the permanent shelf of biography."—Amy Loveman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* Illustrated. November.

(Vols. III & IV, boxed, $12.50)

EDUCATION AND WORLD TRAGEDY
By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Penetrating analysis and far-reaching suggestions on a theme fundamental to the future of America and Americans. $2.50

SPIRIT LEVEL AND OTHER POEMS
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Poems for everyone who enjoys the light and zestful wit, the sure touch on the sober aspects of our time, of this noted author. $2.50

ART AND GEOMETRY
A STUDY IN SPACE INTUITIONS
By WILLIAM M. IVINS, Jr. $3.00

THE ARTICULATE SISTERS
By M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE $3.50

PUBLISHED BY HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS ALL BOOKSTORES
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was his need for her greater than his self-respect?

SHE was a glowing red-lipped girl and he was a cynical Broadway showman. She had hit the top in one jump, from small time nightclub singer to Hollywood star—and Jake Harkness had put her there. He had created her, made her a star and a woman—as false as himself, but greater than he could ever be. In those days, Penny Farmer let him do anything—anything but leave her.

But Jake knew Hollywood, and what people thought of stars' husbands—part houseboy, part stallion and part fool. What would happen to their love when Penny's new and successful friends began to call him—innocently enough—"Mr. Penny Farmer"?

DREAM STREET is the story of an unconventional love that could occur only in show business. In it you will meet the whole scheming world of the theatre's own family: hopped-up musicians, out-of-date debutantes, the leeches, hustlers, and haunters of the theatre alleys and agents' offices . . . some of whom do wonderful things. Here is the saga of show business as recorded by one of its shrewdest and most devoted children. *$2.50*

Dream Street

A novel of a strange love affair, by ROBERT SYLVESTER

JUST PUBLISHED—A DISTINGUISHED NEW ADDITION TO THE

Permanent Library

THE SHORT NOVELS OF TOLSTOY

Edited, with an introduction, by PHILIP RAHV

WAR AND PEACE, RESURRECTION, and ANNA KARENINA were only a portion of Tolstoy's prodigious work. Here are the finest of his short novels, presented in a handsome edition worthy of his great genius, and brilliantly translated by *Aylmer Maude. 736 pages, $4.00*

8 Complete Novels:

TWO HUSSARS
FAMILY HAPPINESS
THE COSSACKS: A Tale of 1852
POLIKUSHKA
THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYICH
THE DEVIL
MASTER AND MAN
HADJI MURAD

Are you one of the 12%* of the American people who are well-informed about Soviet Russia?

WHAT is life like in Russia today? Here are the unbiased facts on marriage, minorities, collective farming, socialized storekeeping, religion, etc. . . . specific answers to the questions Americans ask. A library of information on today's conflict of ideas. *Just published, $5.00*

(*according to a recent *Fortune* poll.)

A GUIDE TO THE Soviet Union

By WILLIAM MANDEL
author of THE SOVIET FAR EAST

"There are 2 kinds of officers in every army."

Spearhead

A novel by MARTIN ABZUG

LT. JOHN KNUPFER needed no privileges or favors. He slept on the ground, ate with his men at the chow wagon. Insecure Capt. Hollis resented his self-command and calm acceptance of danger.

Then, in the Battle of the Bulge, as their unit careened drunkenly through Belgium, the repressed conflict between them reached its climax. A realistic story of rivalry in the midst of carnage. *Just published, $2.50*

At all bookstores, THE DIAL PRESS, 461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

The new book of

DOUBLE-CROSTICS

(Series 19)

is published November 4th

DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 has just rolled off the presses. You can get a copy, the minute the ink is dry, by sending us the coupon below. Mail it today, and DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 will be on your doorstep almost before you turn around.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 contains 50 more of Mrs. Kingsley's incomparable literary puzzles. It is NOT an anthology of the Double-Crostics that appear each week in The Saturday Review. *Every puzzle in* DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 *is brand new and has never before appeared in print.* This book is guaranteed to furnish 100 hours of absorbing entertainment to everyone except confirmed Patience-players and bibliophobes.

NOTE: Evenings spent with DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 will steady your nerves for the coming Christmas-shopping rush. Furthermore, Christmas is closer than you think. And if you order your gift copies of DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 now, you can gift-wrap them in peace and quiet.

NOW, have we persuaded you to

CLIP THIS COUPON?

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me.....copies of DOUBLE-CROSTICS 19 at $1.50 each. I will pay postman $1.50 each plus few cents C.O.D. charges.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone .....State .....

☐ SAVE MAILING COSTS by enclosing remittance. If you enclose remittance with this coupon we will pay mailing charges. NYC residents add 2% City Sales Tax.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE OLD MILL *P. W. Wilson* (Rinehart: $2.)	"Malum ignotum" kills English lakeland doctor, mill owner, and cocker spaniels. Scotland Yard fails, but Sir Julian Morthoe provides answer.	Leisurely, talky, attractively scened, and frequently satirical puzzler, with large company of colorful characters and an amazing solution.	Slow but satisfying
MURDER MOST FOUL *Kathleen Buddington Coxe* (Phoenix: $2.)	College - town phone operator, football coach, and dean erased. Girl undergraduate and "psych" professor finally locate killer.	Blithe little opus about campus scandals, gossipy gals, long-delayed romance etc. Sleuthing is adequate but of semi-pro. stature.	Quickie
CAT AND MOUSE *Eaton K. Goldthwaite* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce $2.50)	Frantic inamorata of married architect found shot while lover waits final parting. His grilling by pertinacious sleuth Dickerson discloses poignant details.	An interesting study in practical detecting; also in frenzied amateur ditto. Characters snared in emotional net do strange and surprising things.	Exacerbating
THE CROOKED WREATH *Christianna Brand* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Aged head of English family and grumpy retainer poisoned in garden-lodge. Insp. Cockrill of Scotland Yard investigates everybody.	Characters more impressive than plot which toys titivatingly with amiable, outspoken, and slightly mad lot of suspects until flaming finish.	Agreeable
BLOOD ON BISCAYNE BAY *Brett Halliday* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Mike Shayne postpones plane trip to New Orleans so he can solve blackmail plot and double slaying in Miami.	Typical Shayne tough 'un, with dauntless Mike pulling no punches to save hapless girl, scotch criminals, and reap rich reward.	Brisk baffler
THE LIFE SENTENCE *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Attempts to slay emotionally confused English girl bring two poisonings, years apart, to R. Fortune's attention—with ruinous results to evildoers.	Mr. Fortune picks up faint scent, and, with corps of able assistants tracks resourceful fox and vixen to well-hidden lair.	Good Fortune
MAKE WITH THE BRAINS PIERRE *Dana Wilson* (Messner: $2.)	Paul Bernet, psychotic Hollywood film-cutter, mixes in shady divorce suits, murder, and other diversions, to no good end.	Transplanted Frenchman's efforts to reconcile Gallic and American *mores* have their points; otherwise story is mishmash of super-heated tripe.	Silly
THE ORIGINAL CARCASE *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.)	Corpse 1 found in Sheraton sideboard of honeymooners N. Y. apt.; corpse 2 in furniture store. Insp. (Tender Feet) Schmidt cracks case.	Schmitty's adroit and accurate detecting catches resourceful killer and saves marriage of high-society scion to young brother of retired racketeer.	Satisfactory
DARK PASSAGE *David Goodis* (Messner: $2.)	Convicted murderer escapes from San Quentin, meets sympathetic girl, has phiz altered, and, via another death, clears self of earlier slayings.	Reasonably effective blend of toughness, sentiment, and speedy action. Innocent man's sleuthing interesting. Altho slightly omniscient, retrospective passages decelerate tempo.	Average
THE 3-13 MURDERS *Thomas B. Black* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Knifing of unidentifiable woman in Midwestern banker's house entangles private detective Delaney in corpseful case with some very odd angles.	Smoothly written, actionful number with some garishly wicked characters, neatly concealed culprit, and operative who works *with* not agin cops.	Competent thriller

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KAPUTT

by CURZIO MALAPARTE

translated from the Italian by Cesare Foligno

•

ONE OF THE TRULY GREAT BOOKS OF OUR GENERATION • A DRAMATIC BOOK FILLED WITH THE BEAUTY AND BITTERNESS OF A DYING EUROPE

•

In this powerful and moving book, you will step behind the scenes of history, mingle intimately with the great actors in a breathtaking world drama.

From the opening scene of luxury and magnificence in Prince Eugene's palace at Stockholm to the final picture of complete degradation of human values in Naples, here is a remarkable panorama of the moral and physical disintegration of a civilization. KAPUTT may well remain one of the great books to come out of Europe in this generation. $3.75

The Story of a Manuscript

In the Ukraine in 1941, a girl sewed the manuscript into Malaparte's coat to guard it against a Gestapo raid. Three neutral diplomats smuggled it out of Finland. Finally, on his return to Italy — and prison — Malaparte hid the precious manuscript in his shoes. No one reading KAPUTT will fail to understand why it had to be guarded so zealously from the Fascists.

The PLOTTERS

Another Smashing Exposé by the author of

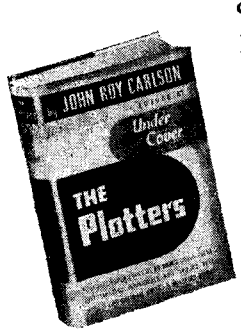
UNDER COVER . . .

JOHN ROY CARLSON

writes one of the most stirring and important stories of postwar America

•

THE PLOTTERS rips wide open the plans and aspirations of anti-democratic individuals and members of the political underworld who have made hate their business — who foment anti-Catholic feeling, spread anti-Semitism and racial discrimination. Carlson includes sections on veterans' organizations and certain conservative groups — destructive and constructive — who are playing a vital part behind the scenes in postwar America.



THE PLOTTERS is also a tremendously fascinating personal adventure story of an under cover agent who dares to give names, dates and places.

Carlson and his book will win the vicious hate of powerful persons and organizations who are against genuine democracy, against a lasting peace and the American way of life. $3.50

Illustrated with startling documents

E. P. DUTTON & CO. NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Intimate glimpses of great authors

A fascinating collection of the childhood adventures of 39 leading American and British authors. Among the writers represented are John Ruskin, Henry Adams, W. H. Hudson, Mark Twain, Henry James, Charles Dickens, Lincoln Steffens, Albert Halper and A. A. Milne.

Here is a rich store of entertaining reading for every adult who looks back with nostalgia on his childhood. $4.00

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

An Anthology edited by

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

With an introduction by

WALTER DE LA MARE

"A born writer."

—The New Yorker

High praise greeted Mr. Kehoe's first novel, the prize-winning A SWEEP OF DUSK. "Mr. Kehoe has considerable skill in building up plot and creating suspense, and his book is filled with sharp imprints of experience," said the *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* This brilliant writer has more than fulfilled his promise with this novel about a courageous woman who fought to be herself. $2.50

STRAW WIFE

A NOVEL BY

WILLIAM KEHOE

author of "A Sweep of Dusk"

At all bookstores

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABOR-INDUSTRIAL PEACE?

(*Continued from page 12*)

These examples show how hard it is to legislate effectively and wisely in the labor field. We need to remember also that not one of the great strikes of the past year involved breaches of contract, racketeering, failure to give adequate notice and time for negotiation, or other acts which might be regarded as wrongful. The contracts simply ran out, the parties could not agree on new terms, and the workers struck. The effects on the economy, of course, were very serious. What should be done to avoid or mitigate these struggles?

In approaching this basic problem Mr. Gregory rejects the idea of compulsory arbitration, which requires the outlawing of strikes. Such a step he considers as "not only politically impossible, but also dangerous socially"; and he doubts its constitutionality. Yet he suggests the possibility of industry-wide "codes of fair employment," with government making the "final decision" on wages and other terms. Price-fixing would have to be permitted and there would be an end of "old-fashioned competition" —if Congress were willing to pay this price for peace. The law would "require unions to abide by the outcome" —but how this could be done he does not say.

In the meantime he suggests the application to utilities and other vital services of something like the machinery of the Railway Labor Act, with its required waiting periods, while government boards are making recommendations. He says, however, that the cost of this procedure in the railway industry "has been an almost routine concession to the unions of the bulk of their demands." He might have added that the Act was jointly drafted and sponsored by the unions and employers; that it has no sanctions; and that its usefulness depends upon mutual acceptance. Its adaptability to other industries, where this background of agreement does not exist, may be doubted.

I think that we shall make little progress toward avoiding large-scale strikes under our system of free enterprise so long as we continue to pin our hopes on legislative devices.

We must realize that we are up against much more than a labor-management problem. The course of collective bargaining is profoundly affected by what happens to the country generally. If we fail to give people hope, faith, and a feeling of security—if we make a mess of things at home and abroad—the collective bargaining process can only deteriorate. It is part of the living tissue of society.

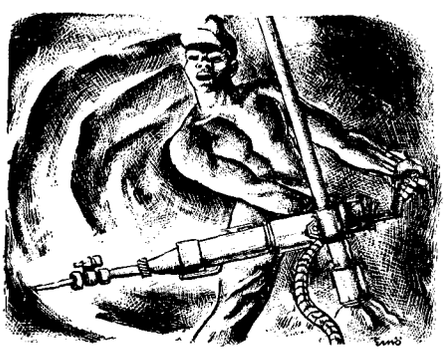
Moreover, the adjustment of group conflicts is a problem common to the whole world. We face abroad—and at home—one paramount need: to establish systems of justice which will mediate fairly and successfully between organized groups of men. Through centuries of trial and error we have developed a system of justice which works well in disputes between individuals. It works well because (1) we have been able to define the rules of the game with sufficient precision for judges to apply them; and (2) it is easy under such circumstances to persuade or force individuals to go along with the results.

In the great group conflicts of our age these two conditions are lacking. There is no common agreement upon the rules of the game. You can define murder, rape, larceny, libel; but it is hard to define a just wage—or a fair peace. And the job of persuading or forcing group organisms, with their touchy egos, to go along with given decisions is a far different matter from persuading or forcing individuals. Yet we must find the way.

We cannot wait for centuries of common law to develop. We must act swiftly to save our civilization. We can make progress only by agreement. That is the one fundamental necessity, at home and abroad.

In the labor field this means that the leaders of industry and labor, with such aid and support as the government can give, must together work out the rules of the game and the new structures of settlement which we so imperatively need. Only by a combined and sustained effort of this sort can we hope to make lasting progress. There are no easier solutions. There never are in a democracy.

Lloyd K. Garrison, former dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School, and in 1942-43 *general counsel of the National War Labor Board, and later its chairman, has returned to private practice.*



Man in a Billion

MR. ADAM. By Pat Frank. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE theme of "Mr. Adam" has been used several times before —in Genesis, in various myths which tell about the destruction of all but the last couple or the last man in the world, in a book of Gerhart Hauptmann's called, if memory serves, "The Isle of the Lost Mother." Noah was once the last widower in the world, and the theme of one man left in a world of women has been used in many ways by fantasy writers and the peoples who furnish the materials of anthropology.

This story brings the topic up to date. When an atomic experiment blew up the entire State of Mississippi—a rational idea if Bilbo was there—it was suddenly observed by a young Associated Press reporter that reservations for obstetrical services in hospitals diminished till they vanished entirely. The sterilizing effects of the hard radiations in nuclear fission are well known, and the whole world suddenly realized that the entire male population was sterile, though not impotent.

Then a baby turns up, scion of a geologist named Homer Adam, who had been thousands of feet deep in a rich lead mine when the nuclear explosion occurred. The AP boy gets on to this at once—a detail which most newspaper men will consider highly improbable—and becomes Mr. Adam's preceptor and Virgil and the narrator of the story in the long days that follow. Mr. Adam is happily married and he has no wish to cooperate with the N. R. C. or the A. I. or the U. N. or the A. R. P. or any of the departments which are set up, all with impressive charts, to deal with—well, to deal with Mr. Adam.

The London *Times* mentions the cousinly relationships of our countries and suggests that we will be glad to respect proportionate populations; the Germans mention industrial development; the French talk of contributions to culture; *Pravda* thinks the least compensation America can furnish for its disastrous experiment is a share in Mr. Adam.

In the meanwhile, the Army, Navy, Interior, the President, and other people keep making out charts dealing with organization of the distribution of—well, the book is biological but not obscene.

The reporter has twins, his own, at the end, so a happy ending is guaranteed.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I CHOSE FREEDOM

The Personal and Political Life of a Soviet Official

by

VICTOR KRAVCHENKO

KRAVCHENKO

"has rendered an important service in taking American readers behind the stage trappings of the Soviet dictatorship and showing, on a basis of personal experience, what life under communism is like."—*Chicago Tribune*

KRAVCHENKO

"has challenged liberal American apologists for Soviet Russia to sustain, in equally concrete terms, their defense and justification of its regime."—*New York Times*

SIXTH BIG PRINTING

$3.50

THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF

A Preface To World Affairs

by

WILLIAM C. BULLITT

BULLITT

"bars no holds, pulls no punches. He makes no charge that he does not buttress with proof."—Saturday Review of Literature

BULLITT

"conveys the essence of his diplomatic experience and historical studies."—*Chicago Tribune*

BULLITT

"has written with brilliant clarity and conciseness for Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Citizen."

—*Reader's Digest*

THIRD BIG PRINTING

$2.75

1,267,000 copies in print!

(Including Literary Guild)

TAYLOR CALDWELL'S

This Side of Innocence

TAYLOR CALDWELL proves again her pre-eminence as a story-teller. "This Side of Innocence" traces the destiny of two vital, unscrupulous, and passionate people—who met their match in each other, and whose tempestuous mating smashed the orderly pattern of their families' lives and, to a degree, that of the community.

"Miss Caldwell has done it again. Here is a very powerhouse of a book—500-odd pages so solidly satisfying, so pulsing with life, that one resents their coming to an end. As another panel in this author's expanding mural of the American scene, it is worthy to take its place beside her 'Dynasty of Death'."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

A Literary Guild Selection

$3.00

1846

A Century of Publishing

1946

DO I WAKE OR SLEEP

A NOVEL BY

ISABEL BOLTON

"To see it sparkle, you must read it yourself. The cocktail party is surely the best thing of its kind since 'The Great Gatsby' and 'The Sun Also Rises'."

—*Edmund Wilson, The New Yorker*

"It reads so rapidly, moves so fast. The whole performance is completely astonishing."

—*Eda Lou Walton*

"Isabel Bolton takes her place in that group which includes Elizabeth Bowen, Katherine Anne Porter, and Kay Boyle."

—*New York Herald Tribune*

$2.50

I NAME THEE MARA

A Novel by **EDMUND GILLIGAN**

"A wonderfully effective novel . . . involves some of the best writing about the sea that I have ever read . . . He writes of deep water and of men in ships with a freshness at times almost Homeric. To suggest his large quality is not easy. In the dazzle of his rhetoric, as well as in his matter, he is often like Melville."—*Chicago Tribune*

$3.00

IT FELL UPON A DAY

A Novel by **RUTH HUNTER**

The author of "Come Back on Tuesday," that rollicking autobiography of theatrical life, here writes the intensely moving story of the relation of a father and his daughter. It has all the color, amusement, engaging frankness and incident of Miss Hunter's earlier book—a lively and diverting story of life, love, family, and Chicago.

$2.75

THE BATTLE OF THE NARROW SEAS

by **LT. COMMANDER PETER SCOTT, R.N.V.R.**

With eight full color reproductions of paintings and numerous photographs

Here, revealed for the first time, is the authentic story of the Battle of the Narrow Seas around the British Isles, the long and bitter struggle by the Motor Torpedo Boats, Motor Gunboats and Motor Launches—the Spitfires of the Royal Navy—to keep convoy routes open and to deny to the enemy the use of the English Channel ports.

$7.50

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES M. CAIN ON AN "AAA"

(*Continued from page 9*)

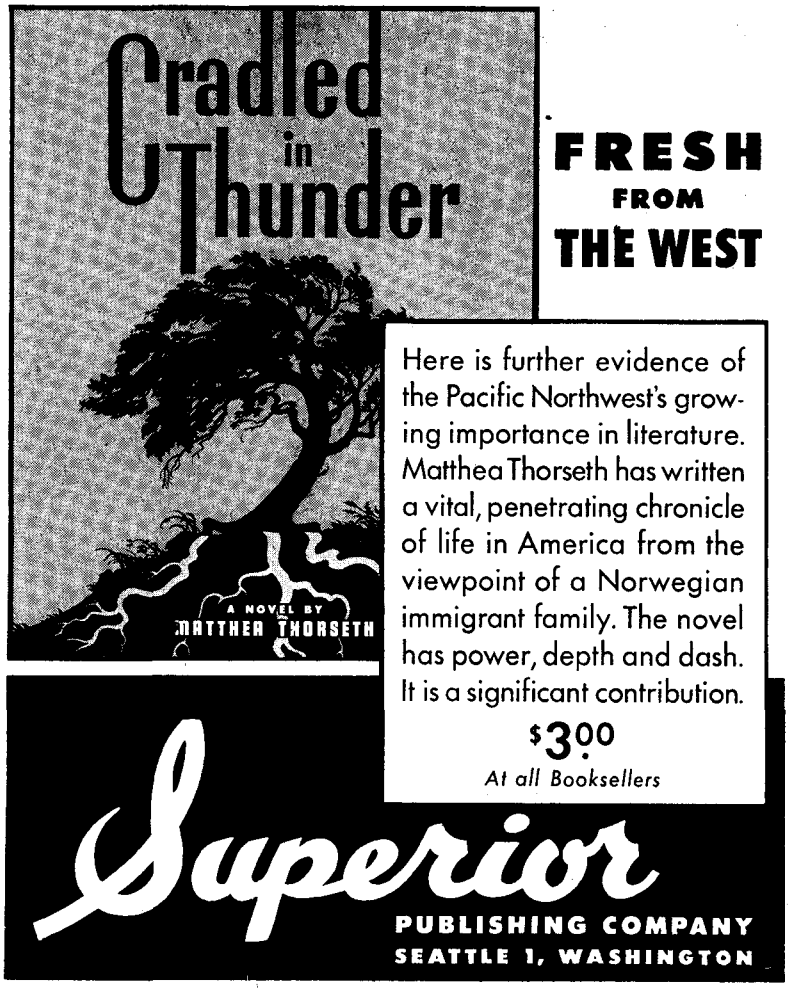
this establishment that they enjoy, and the relation it bears to their loudly proclaimed position on the matter under discussion.

All of them, as you probably know, have written books that are active in reprint, abridgement, and translation that are in occasional demand as the basis for radio shows, and sometimes even for television. From the rentals, royalties, etc., in these fields they derive a comfortable income, in the case of some of them a very large income. But under present trade practices they do not hold the rights from which this income is derived. The reprint, abridgement, and translation rights are held by publishers, who cut in for 50 per cent of the revenues, *and who make the deals.* Let us get this clear, in case your are unfamiliar with these matters, and so conclude that a group of freedom's passionate defenders have got together to resist a scowling villain with schemes like Dr. Goebbels's, meaning me. The copyright, as you probably know, is divided, in the contract, into various component parts, called "rights," the author holding some, such as the picture rights, the publisher holding others, such as the club, reprint, abridgement, foreign, and translation rights. As things stand now, if the book is a hit, the picture right is sold at once, and outright, for the duration of the copyright, so that it doesn't figure directly in this matter of the writer being "established." For the book rights the publisher pays the writer a royalty on copies sold, and for a year or more this means a considerable sum. But for that steady, year-in-and-year-out income, it is the subsidiary rights held by the publisher, one title helping another title, all titles adding up to a tidy sum, which form the real backlog.

Now it may be assumed that the publisher wants to make deals, to close with that firm in Cleveland that pays a $5,000 advance and 5¢ a copy royalty on all copies sold in that new edition at 49¢. Why shouldn't he? He gets half. *But he doesn't have to make a deal.* All he has to do, to make a writer listen to reason, to persuade him to oppose the American Authors' Authority, is to do nothing at all, to sulk, to get his feelings hurt, to become indignant that his writer should be getting such Muscovite ideas in his head, to let things slide. If he does, all of a sudden this writer is no longer established. He doesn't have that comfortable income. He has to listen to Hollywood, go west and write a picture, to get his next novel done, remember what it is to be necessitous.

I don't say publishers have done this. But I do say they can do it. And I do say, and hereby make the direct charge, that the knowledge of this threat to their security lies like a nightmare at the back of the thinking of these various members of the American Writers' Association; I charge that it accounts, more than any real fear of monopoly, control, or whatever it is that they pretend to fear in the American Authors' Authority, for the position they have taken. In other words, as effectively as though they had rings in their noses, these writers are already under control. It is their bitter necessity for pretending they are not that has led them to form this organization whose only object, so far as it has ever been stated, is to prevent me, and the various organizations which have made my plan their plan, from doing what we have a perfectly legal, moral, and literary right to do: organize an authority to receive copyrights as trustee, and as trustee for these copyrights to work, in Congress, in court, and wherever it may be necessary, for the writers' rights. I want to bring about a condition whereunder the author owns *all* his rights, for the life of the copyright, and never sells one outright, but merely leases it; I want the author to enjoy real freedom, not the sorry imitation of it that obtains at present. But why allege, since this is my real object, known to all who denounce me, that I have some other object, of remote, improbable kind?

These opponents of mine, I realize, also fear something else. No sooner will a copyright be assigned to the Authority than it will be blacklisted, become the object of a boycott, so that for a time, before independent publishers, magazines, and picture companies can be interested in a growing list of titles, the AAA label will indeed be the poison ivy sign of American letters. Let us not quibble about this: it is a serious thing. I wouldn't blame any writer for thinking hard at the possibility of putting his properties in such jeopardy as this, even for a limited time, until they could be reassigned to him. But I do blame these writers for concealing this consideration, for pretending to other considerations more lofty, or idealistic, less related to cold, financial consideration as it relates directly to themselves. Actually, they are in


Cradled in Thunder
A NOVEL BY MATTHEA THORSETH
FRESH FROM THE WEST
Here is further evidence of the Pacific Northwest's growing importance in literature. Matthea Thorseth has written a vital, penetrating chronicle of life in America from the viewpoint of a Norwegian immigrant family. The novel has power, depth and dash. It is a significant contribution.
$3.00
At all Booksellers
Superior
PUBLISHING COMPANY
SEATTLE 1, WASHINGTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a spot. They wish the subject had never come up, for they know as well as I do about the abuses of which they are victims. So, to get out of their dilemma they have simply wrapped the flag around them, bought a flashlight and held it aloft, and struck a pose as Miss Liberty. But I am compelled to lift this star-spangled robe and point out that under it is a girdle of hand-wrought, golden chains.

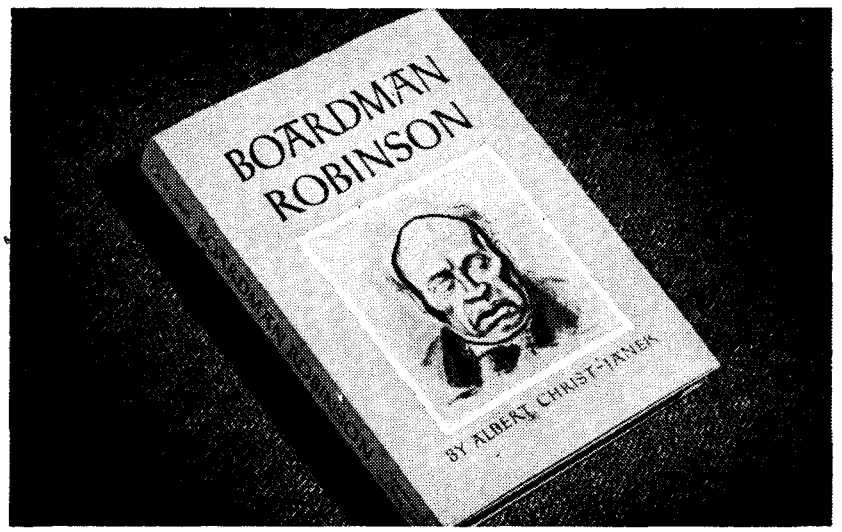
This piece was invited by the editors as the result of a contribution by Mr. James T. Farrell, the idea, apparently, being I should make some sort of reply to him. I don't know how to do this, as I have been unable, after several rereadings of his article, to understand clearly what he is trying to say, if anything. He uses the gobbledegooky of the professional leftist, and makes much of the fact that some Hollywood writers make $100,000 a year, though not noting that the majority of them make $60 a week when they make it, which isn't any too often. He insists on a farfetched, political interpretation of the American Authors' Authority, though he doesn't state what is wrong with the obvious, common-sense view of it, that it is designed to give a writer better terms, from publishers, employer, government, and everybody else, than he gets at present. Near the end, in his nearest approach to a lucid position, he says: "Organization, collectivization, is good on the economic front: but only anarchy, freedom, struggle toward untrammeled freedom in the expression of ideas and the creation of art can be our guide."

If this twittering nonsense is what the editors of this magazine expect me to dignify with something in the way of a reply, all I can say is I don't know how to do it. That somebody, in this age and time, still believes in anarchy, that freedom can be struggled for without making contact with the realities as they exist, that art can be consciously "created" any more than a baby can be consciously created—these ideas, to me, are simply weird, and downright silly. I don't believe freedom is successfully pursued by cranky theorists riding farfetched obsessions. I believe free speech is uttered by free men, and that men become free by fighting repression as it exists, and not by ignoring repression as it exists to tilt at phantom windmills. I believe the conscious creation of art is a form of literary smugness.

In conclusion I can only say that I do hope the various interests opposed to the American Author's Authority will find more spokesmen and give them plenty of space. If many more of these flaming boys get into it, the plan is going through by acclamation.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

"Every lover of American art will want to possess it."—*Max Eastman*



A record of his life and art by ALBERT CHRIST-JANER

Acclaimed as the Art Book of the year, this is a book for lovers of beautiful things to rejoice in. A rich, deluxe volume in the grand style—printed on pages over a foot high, set in large, distinguished type, lavishly illustrated with 126 magnificent reproductions—9 in full color. Designed by *Warren Chappell.* "A distinguished achievement of great grandeur."—*Doris Lee.* "A vivid and fascinating experience for the reader."—*Frederick A. Sweet, Art Institute of Chicago.*
9⅝" x 12¾", 273 pages, $15.00

Scientific Man vs. Power Politics

By HANS J. MORGENTHAU. "Examines the profoundest subject of our time—the fallacy of using modern scientific rationalism in politics. Should have the widest possible reading."—*Reinhold Niebuhr.* *$3.00*

The Origins of Christian Supernaturalism

By SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE. Did Christianity's magical rites and symbols originate in ancient pagan cults? A fascinating modern investigation into the age-old controversy between fundamentalists and liberals. *$3.00*

Apes, Giants, and Man

By FRANZ WEIDENREICH. Did man evolve from a race of giants? "The most up-to-date discussion of human origins."—*Ralph Linton.* A *Scientific Book Club* selection. *$2.50*

Weapon of Silence

By THEODORE F. KOOP. An unsuspected, never-before-told story of censors, atoms, and spies, and the "petty nuisance regulations" of the Office of Censorship that guarded the most terrifying information in history. *$3.50*

Nathaniel Fish Moore's Diary

Edited by STANLEY PARGELLIS & RUTH BUTLER. A charming account of a 6 weeks' trip to the rough and booming West a century ago by the President of Columbia College.
Limited edition, $5.00

The Growth of Constitutional Power in the United States

By CARL BRENT SWISHER. The development of our constitutional system through two world wars and a major depression. *$2.50*

At all bookstores
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTHONY

AN exceptionally interesting exhibition of contemporary painting on the "Temptation of Saint Anthony" theme was held recently in New York and is scheduled for national tour. The eleven pictures in the show were contributed by six American and five European artists to a competition organized by the Hollywood film producers Loew-Lewin. The object of the competition was to provide a prize-winning canvas to be shown in a film of de Maupassant's "Bel Ami," wherein an oil painting of "Christ Walking on the Waters" figures dramatically in the plot. Since film censorship forbids the portrayal of Christ on the screen, the subject of the painting—and the competition—was necessarily changed. For once censorship was on the side of the Muses: No sacrosanct theme can excel the substituted "Temptation of Saint Anthony" in imaginative possibilities; none seems better suited to the introspective bias of modern art. But as though to redress this right, censorship once again intervened. In Boston, the exhibition was at first banned on religious-moral grounds, but has since been allowed to open. Let us hope it will not be banned elsewhere.

For the exhibition is serious, distinguished, possibly even prophetic. Obviously no profanity was intended by any of the contributing artists. Indeed, what may be most remarkable about the show is the conviction with which the theme has been treated, though our era is often described as completely indifferent to religious subjects.

The history and terms of the competition, together with reproductions of the paintings and comments by the artists, have been published in a booklet. The booklet also furnishes statements by the three jurors which make clear their difficulty in choosing not only the winner—Max Ernst's canvas—but in deciding on the three or four best pictures in order. The jury's dilemma is understandable. The top entries are very even in quality. But the jury declares that quality was not its only consideration, a fact which indicates a waning of the purely hedonistic standards of criticism peculiar to the 1920's and 1930's. One of the jurors, for example, mentions "psychological pertinence" as an important factor in his judgment of the pictures, and it is of psychological content that I should like to speak particularly here.

The nature of St. Anthony's ordeal is variously described in the eleven paintings. Dorothea Tanning, Stanley Spencer, Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, Salvador Dali, and Paul Delvaux interpret his temptation primarily in sexual terms. The most forthright illustration of this conception is that of Miss Tanning. Her handsome picture portrays the saint tormented by a sea of voluptuous nudes which, to quote the artist, "take shape even in the folds of his own wind-tossed robes."

There are nearly as many nudes in Spencer's version of the scene, but here the sexual tension seems to attach to the painter himself rather than to exist between the saint and his temptresses. St. Anthony is shown as a reclining puppet, relatively unmoved by the surrounding turmoil of frenzied, Mannerist figures.

WHILE Ernst depicts women as remote witnesses of St. Anthony's torment at the hands of delirium's creatures, Albright's nudes lay physical hold of the saint. They wrestle with him amid an incredible slime, peopled with a bestiary of crawling things, most of them natural in form and not hybrid-fantastic as Ernst's animals are. There is no sense of seduction whatever in this scene; temptation has already assumed the bitter color of St. Anthony's remorse; there remains only his nightmare effort to free himself from a viscous chaos. The picture is opposite in conception to that of Miss Tanning, where woman's seductive power is formidable and real, not yet overcome.

Another version is supplied by Dali, whose imaginative canvas belies the creative exhaustion of which he is now often accused. In his picture, temptation does not directly touch the saint, as it does in the paintings of Albright and Tanning. Instead, it appears from afar as a *tableua vivant*, a procession moving across desert sands, propelled by elephants with fantastically long and spidery legs. The tableau is a mirage, soon to be exorcised out of existence by the cross which St. Anthony brandishes in its path; the horse leading the procession has already reared in defeat and fear. Dali's saint is triumphant, in full control of his powers. And if woman still figures largely in the attempted beguilement, she does so with the aid of elaborate properties: she postures lasciviously from the top of an urn; or her nudity is framed by the portico of a baroque building.

In Eugene Berman's canvas, woman

—*Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.*

"The Temptation of Saint Anthony," by Max Ernst.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disappears entirely and only ornament remains. Not sex but art seems to be the temptation offered. The saint kneels before the pedestal of a sculpture, and behind him rises a neo-baroque monument covered with decorative forms which sometimes take a human or reptile configuration, but are intended as capriccios rather than as serious threats to sanity or faith. Still Berman, though his usage is the most extreme, is not alone with Dali in giving architecture or ornament a leading iconographical role. In Louis Guglielmi's painting, a nude with reversible buttocks and hollowed torso vies as temptress with an architectural rendering of a city—"possibly Paris," Guglielmi writes, "with all its corruption, power and glitter." And in Paul Delvaux's picture, an intricate stage setting of late nineteenth-century panelling is provided for the three ample nudes imagined by the saint. These are the frankest nudes in the exhibition, yet they are not so much worldly sirens as symbols of conjugal felicity, recalling Athanasius's theory that St. Anthony was tortured first by a remembrance of the pleasures of family and home.

Miss Leonora Carrington has given a personal fillip to the use of decorative motifs by clothing both the saint and his temptation through surrealist dressmaking. In her picture, the Queen of Sheba and her attendants slowly approach St. Anthony. But it is the Queen's parachute gown, rather than the Queen herself, which seems likely to distract him; Sheba is certainly the opposite of nude. Miss Carrington's poetic work is incidentally the only one in which food appears. The painter summarizes her belief that frippery and victuals would have haunted the saint, by declaring: "The bald-headed girl in the red dress combines female charm and the delights of the table—you will notice that she is engaged in making an unctuous broth."

Both Ernst and Albright have interpreted the saint's offering in a present, physical sense, playing down the self-inflicted griefs of memory and longing. Ernst, especially, follows the Northern tradition of chimerical violence, showing St. Anthony plagued by unlikely beasties. The tradition

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Wilkins Micawber. 2. Tony Weller. 3. Jonas Chuzzlewit. 4. Sairey Gamp. 5. Mrs. General. 6. Tiny Tim Cratchit. 7. Alfred Mantalini. 8. Mrs. Gummidge. 9. Harold Skimpole. 10. Uriah Heep. 11. Captain Cuttle. 12. Mark Tapley. 13. Mr. Bumble. 14. Sydney Carton. 15. Mr. Barkis. 16. Jerry Cruncher. 17. Oliver Twist. 18. Joe Gargery. 19. Dick Swiveller. 20. Thomas Gradgrind.

After three years of collaboration, five men* have produced a book that will afford countless hours of pleasure, inspiration and contentment. Whether you wish to read the stories of the operas for enjoyment, or play the music in simple and ingenious piano arrangements, or sing it in keys that the average voice can use, or follow the action as you listen to a radio performance, or study the history and analysis of the music, or visualize through pictures an ideal performance —here is the book—handsome, authoritative, entertaining.

A Treasury of

GRAND OPERA

Edited by HENRY W. SIMON

THE heart of seven great operas in one volume—the stories, the music, the pictures. Sixty-six preludes, arias, duets and trios from *Don Giovanni, Lohengrin, La Traviata, Faust, Aida, Carmen* and *Pagliacci,* arranged so that they may be easily played or sung. Histories, dramatic action, musical analysis given entertainingly and authoritatively for the layman. Illustrations for *every* opera in black and white and full-page color pictures. When Deems Taylor saw this book he said: "Everything about 'A Treasury of Grand Opera' is first rate. It's a perfect job, and I hope that every year will see a fresh set of seven." Samuel Chotzinoff (critic and commentator) says, "It is just the sort of book lovers of opera should own." And Fritz Reiner (conductor) says, "A beautiful job and one that should make many people happy. I daresay that many little Carmens and Neddars will develop around the family piano of an evening and that the book will be full of earmarks and thumbprints in no time at all."

*HENRY W. SIMON (former Chairman, Music Critics Circle of New York, editor)
WILLIAM STEINBERG (distinguished operatic conductor—music supervisor)
ALBERT SIRMAY (music editor and composer—arrangements)
GEORGE MEAD (Translator and organist—translations)
RAFAELLO BUSONI (stage designer and illustrator—pictures)

$5.00 wherever books are sold. Special De Luxe Edition $7.50. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, New York 17

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found brilliant adherents in the North during the late fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but reached its climax in the "St. Anthony" panel of Grünevald's Isenheim altarpiece at Colmar, a picture which prefigures Ernst's canvas in important particulars. Yet Ernst's painting is exceptionally fine, and what is surprising about the exhibition as an entity is the vitality displayed by traditional concept in modern hands. One may claim in fact that they show more vitality than the strictly modern approach exemplified by Abraham Rattner's painting—a subjective, expressionist work in which, says the artist, he "avoided any attempt at realistic illusion of the representation of the images incidental to the particular elements involved. . . ." To those who would close modern art to all forms of impetus except those which come from a self-contained modernism, Rattner's canvas may well seem the most successful. For me it proves, on the contrary, that the true present has as much to do with the past as with its separate, own self.

The exhibition as a whole supplies unusual evidence as to the richness of contemporary art. We had come to assume that modern painters could work only to inner order. Yet here they have painted brilliantly on a prescribed theme. The subject was admittedly evocative, but there is no reason to believe that others might not prove so, too. And that is what I meant at the beginning of this article when I said that the "Temptation of Saint Anthony" exhibition may prove prophetic, as it is assuredly both distinguished and serious.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

JAMES T. FARRELL ON AN "AAA"

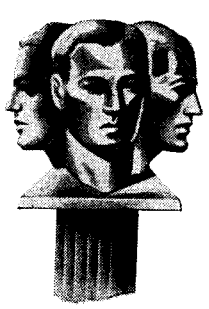
(*Continued from page* 10)

of the author. But neither the Screen Writers Guild nor the Radio Writers Guild has, as yet, made an unequivocal statement in which they tell us, categorically, that they will not use their position as a means of boycott against writers. They could do this separately from the plan. The members of the editorial board of *The Screen Writer* stated in their note presenting Cain's article that they had "unanimously approved the plan in principle." This means that they then approved of Cain's idea of coercion, even though the Guild, according to Cain, later voted this down. This shows us that an important part of the leadership of the Screen Writers Guild originally found this idea of coercion acceptable. When I asked Mr. Cain why he had originally favored coercion (from the floor of the meeting at the Henry Hudson Hotel mentioned above), he answered that he had had in mind the coercion of corporations buying the material of writers. But this is unsatisfactory. For the quotations of his show plainly that the idea in mind was to coerce other writers. The originators of this plan had authorization and coercive ideas in mind when they first worked it out. This fact can only cast suspicion on their later revisions.

ONE of the major advantages of this plan—according to Cain—will be that the author will be given legal defense by the AAA. But this provision is, if anything, the most menacing in the entire proposal. For it means that the author stands in excellent chance of losing his right to select his own counsel, and to have a decisive voice in how he is to be defended, if he is brought into court. This danger remains even with the present co-trusteeship plan for joint holding of copyright between the Authority and the author. Inasmuch as the Authority will then have joint control of the copyrights of authors, it means that the author stands an evolving an author, and can act on its own, if the author disagrees with it concerning his case. It is obvious that any political organization or pressure group can gain influence if not control over a five-man board much more easily than it can over a rank and file of an authors' organization. Already, political issues which are of world significance have been introduced into this controversy. American writers are split, bitterly split or these political issues. There are many writers who do not even speak to one another because of issues such as those connected with complicated political questions involving Stalinism. There are factions in the Authors League, already formed, or else, in the process of formation. It is more than clear that these factions are going to struggle with might and main to pick men they want on this proposed Authority, if it is established.

Any plan such as the AAA cannot be interpreted correctly if it is dealt with solely in terms of the organizational and the directly economic problems of writers. Control over copyrights is the basis of control over the written word. The AAA will be highly centralized, and if it is worked out successfully, it will, also, be rich. In *The Screen Writer* of last July, Cain visioned this AAA as "a massively powerful organization" which would have "a $1,000,000 kitty and a full-time tough mug at the head of it." Consider this, and consider what can be done if and when the war danger, the tensions of war bitterness become intense. A centralized organization with money, power, and partial ownership of copyrights is at the disposal of whoever can capture a board of five men.

One of Cain's major complaints concerns the laws by which writers are taxed. There are certain inequities in these laws, and because of these inequities, Cain considers the writer to be a special victim of injustice, and to be in a situation which, as we know, seems to him to border on des-



Was the returned airman really her husband—his face changed by plastic surgery?

OR WAS HE A STRANGER —AND A MURDERER?

You won't be sure of the answer until you reach the last page of ROMAN McDOUGALD'S

PURGATORY STREET

$2.00 An Inner Sanctum Mystery

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peration. While alive, an author's earnings are classed as income. If an author dies, his copyrights and works are classed as property, and subject to an inheritance tax. This question involves complicated matter of taxation, of economic theory, of law. It also involves the principles of taxation according to the conception of ability to pay. These need not be discussed here.

But the following point is relevant. What logical or practical connection can be drawn, in a *necessary* sense, between the proposal that the AAA own copyrights, in full or in joint trusteeship, and Cain's plan to make the AAA into a lush lobby, using "every means" to have changed the tax laws, and other laws affecting writers? Neither Cain, nor any one else in favor of the plan, has to my knowledge as yet explained this connection.

Cain has stressed that the whole issue here is money. No one with the least sense of equity will complain of efforts which writers make to get money which they ought to have as a result of their own efforts. But what comes first for writers? What principles are to be our guide? What criterion is to be applied to the questions and issues raised in the controversy over the AAA? Cain calls for "a united front" of writers. But it is a united front to make money. The call comes from a large proportion of the most financially successful writers in America.

It is additionally supported in the Stalinist press, and by known Stalinist writers. This united front is to be formed on economic lines. Concerning these matters, we can lay down the following principle. Organization, collectivization is good on the economic front: but only anarchy, freedom, struggle towards untrammeled freedom in the expression of ideas and the creation of art can be our guide. In the present period in particular this principle comes first, and must be prior to principles of an economic united front if there is any danger of contradiction between them.

The principle shows us that when the question of the writer's individuality is introduced into this controversy, it has a dual meaning. There is, here, economic individuality and artistic-intellectual individuality. Proponents of the plan talk with a certain contempt of individuality. They say (one feels almost with sneers) that the writer prides himself with an illusory individuality.

(*Continued on page* 47)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 178

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 178 will be found in the next issue.

B EBGO XL SPMSVL UHP,

WH EHAGP FOMW EMWF HU

UABPWSG, MWS PXYFL

YIAGP. WBTOHVMG

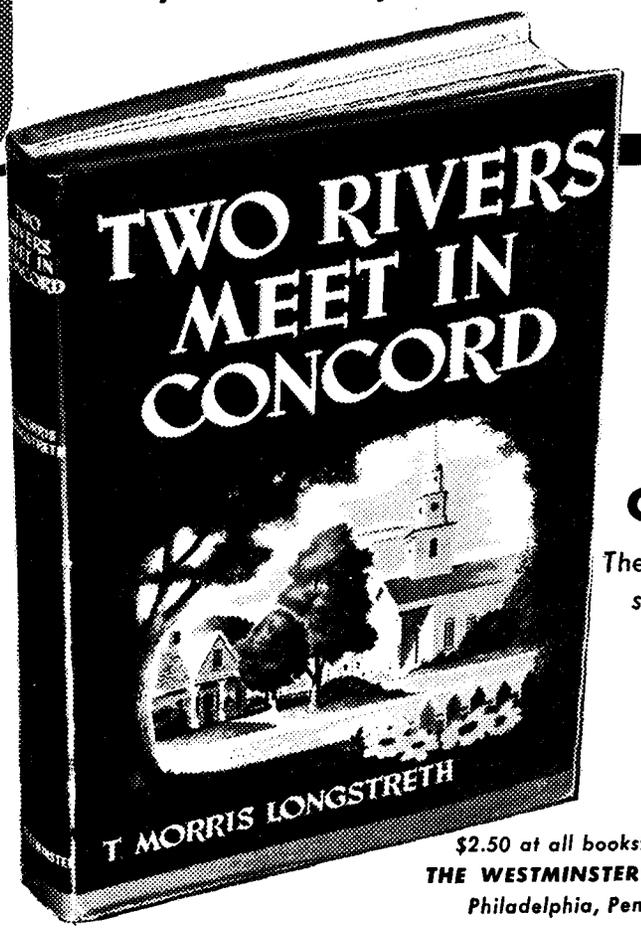
KAPFHW—M UMAPEPVV FH

FHEW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 177

Everything that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself.
Book of Thel.
WILLIAM BLAKE

"A dramatic and romantic novel of Concord in the days of its greatness . . . Longstreth gives human reality and living warmth to the famous writers and thinkers . . . Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, Fuller, and Channing . . . who move through the pages of this intelligent and highly readable story."—*Saturday Review of Literature*



TWO RIVERS MEET IN CONCORD

The story of a man's search for his own way of life

by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

$2.50 at all bookstores
THE WESTMINSTER PRESS
Philadelphia, Penna.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO fumbling.. lost places. lost time..

E-Z MARK
THE MECHANICAL BOOK MARK
a byword for Book Lovers

It's new . . . it's attractive—a perfect companion for book lovers. Avoids dog-eared pages—holds your place in book from flyleaf to very last page.

Just clip E-Z Mark to back cover of book. The tab flips up and back again as pages turn, keeping exact place.

A PERMANENT USEFUL GIFT $1.00

Sold in stationery and book departments everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.00 (cash, check or money order) and we shall promptly mail you E-Z Mark, postpaid.

SAPPHIRE PRODUCTS, Dept. G
28 W. 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y.
Made in U.S.A. Pat. No. 2387607

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR

DA 406 FANCY FREE
First recording of this brilliant ballet, conducted by Bernstein, with prologue by Billie Holiday. $3.94*

DM 995 ON THE TOWN
Ballet music and songs, conducted by the composer. His famous hit. $3.94*

* Plus City Sales Tax in NYC.
Please add 60¢ for packing and shipping in the U. S.
We carry a complete stock of all recordings. Write for catalog of Records, Appliances, Cameras & Gifts.

RABSONS
MAIL MART
DEPT. 24
111 W. 52nd St. New York 19
CI 7-0069

TO ORDER ANY BOOK
OR PHONOGRAPH RECORD
USE THIS COUPON!
(Books sent postage free in U. S.)

Doubleday Book Shops
Mail Order Dept., 16KS
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
Send the following. I enclose $.....
TITLES WANTED.....
.....
.....
.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*.....
ZONE NO.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BRAHMS, CLARINET SONATA in Eb, Opus 120, #2. Benny Goodman, Nadia Reisenberg. Columbia M 629 (3)..$3.85	Piano big, full, orchestral; clarinet sharp, realistic. Perfect balance, fine "presence."	A	Best of late Brahms. Goodman somewhat academic, restrained, tone monotonous. Reisenberg fiery, brash. Yet good recording job brings Brahms through.
BACH, CLAVIER CONCERTO IN D MINOR. Eugene Istomin, pf. Busch Chamber Players. Columbia M 624 (3)..$3.85	A loud, realistic, slightly coarse recording. High fidelity brings out string background. Fine balance.	A	I find Istomin's Bach good; fine rhythm, good phrasing, legato. Busch group vigorous, rhythmic, but still occasionally rough.
PARIS. Lily Pons; Kostelanetz. Columbia M 648 (3)..$3.85	Fine, bland recording of Pons, good balance for this type music.	A	Variety of musical French (Italian) pastry. Some rich, some mineral oil. Verdi *Fors'è lui!* is first rate.

THE ART OF MICROPHONING

THE most potent factor in good recording, probably the least known to the general public, and yet that which involves the greatest in human tact and judgment is the art of microphoning—the selection and placing of the microphones that do the recording job. There are other variables in the recording process—plenty. But through long practice many are now relatively standardized, at least in the big companies. Yet why is such distressing variation in the finished product still possible? Why, after these many years, does one recorded piano sound tinny and thumpy, another round and full?

The placing of microphones in relation to the peculiar acoustics and sonorities of a given situation is a complex business, of crucial importance. There are numerous types of mike, each with different sound characteristics, different coverages. There are a million and one acoustical situations and more remedies for the same, plus seating plans, multi-mike combinations, *et al.* In the face of these infinite variables good microphoning becomes a matter of intuition.

It may be the intuition of an engineer or of a musician that does the trick. But no musician can so "intuit," however good his ear, without an uncanny sense for engineering detail and a long and varied observance of it. Few musicians, alas, have the interest and observational power. On the other hand neither can the most skilled engineer do the job without a genuine ear for purely musical values—however much he may deny it!

Fortunately such people do exist on both sides, in spite of the specialization that puts music and engineering (quite falsely) at opposite ends of the area of learning. They function, too, in spite of the assumed black and white lines that conventionally separate the engineers' and musicians' functions. If not we would have few good recordings and fewer really good broadcasts.

Strictly speaking a musical director holds himself to musical terms. The engineer, who is supposed to be profoundly unconcerned with music, translates these into technical moves, shifts his mikes and his controls (which are assumed to be beyond the musician's understanding or interest). And never the twain shall meet! Yet they do in practice. Musicians, working in the studio, soon observe, if they have ears, which setups give the results they know are good; the sensible engineer likewise begins to listen and to know his music. Though technicalities may be observed, cooperation does the rest.

Most poor recordings thus are not so much the result of disagreement as of simple, unpardonable inattention. In the hysterical atmosphere of the recording session, where every mistake, every argument costs a small fortune, directors may ignore the actual recorded sound in their haste to get the job done with a minimum of expensive palaver. Yet only a long and painfully expensive period of on-the-spot experimenting can, barring luck, produce a well microphoned recording. For this, small companies with small budgets must suffer heroically!

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES T. FARRELL ON AN "AAA"

(*Continued from page 45*)

But they do not make the dual meaning here clear. They ask us to sacrifice just a little of our individuality for the promise of rich gains, and they try to trap us into believing we are reactionary if we ask questions about *their* "united front." But they do not give us any clear indication as to what kind of individuality we will really sacrifice—economic, artistic, or both? And the struggle to maintain artistic individuality remains the key struggle of the American writer.

In conclusion, James M. Cain keeps declaring that what he wants to do is to bring writers together so that they will have *power*. He feels, to use his own imaginative metaphors, that the time has come when the writer needs to stop using a pea shooter and must get a rifle. But we are not at all clear about what this power will be. At the same time, it is clear that this is a bureaucratically minded plan. The distinctive trait of the bureaucratic mind is that of a lack of faith in ideas, and of a corresponding faith in organization *qua* organization. In essence, this is a plan based on the idea of organization *qua* organization. This idea is stamped in the crude conceptions of the artist which Mr. Cain holds, the notion that the artist is a kind of idiot who thinks that he is a God, but who has only the defects and none of the virtues of a God. And further, he adds to this conception the added notion that three-quarters of the writers of America think that economics and business are below their dignity. He has this idea in the year 1946 when, for years, a major factor in the growing artistic decline of so many American writers has been the interest they have held in the musical ringing of the cash registers. For a democratic organization of American writers? Yes. For struggle to eliminate grievances? Yes. But for five tough mugs in cushioned jobs, with a million dollars to use in lobbying, keeping the records of copyrights and the like? No. This issue is now being squarely posed before every American writer. Let them all now answer. And in the answer, let it be stressed that you can evaluate this plan differently according to your criterion. Besides the power of organization, there is the power of ideas, the power of genuinely produced art. In cases of conflict between the two—which comes first? This is the primary question the writer must answer if he seeks guiding principles with which to evaluate the Cain plan.

Dynamic ELECTRONICS—NEW YORK, INC.

Dynamic Christmas Gift Suggestion

EVERSHARP CA*

WRITES UP TO 3 YEARS WITHOUT REFILLING (Depending on how much you write)

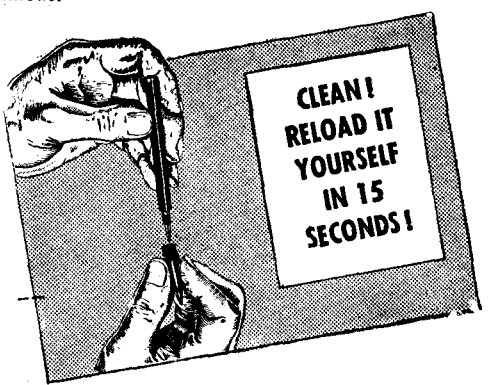
CA* does it! CA* means Capillary Action Cartridge, an exclusive Eversharp patent.

$15.00

EVERSHARP CA* Set with Repeater Pencil $21.50. (Prices Plus 20% Fed. Tax)

POSTPAID anywhere in U.S. Sorry—no C.O.D's. If in N.Y.C. add 2% Sales Tax.

- World's smoothest writing pen. Rolls the ink on dry!
- It's self-blotting. Even writes dry when submerged under water.
- Reloads—with a cartridge—in 15 seconds.
- Can't leak — at any altitude.
- Writes in any color, by changing cartridges.
- You can't even shake the ink out.
- Writes on any paper or material, linen, textiles, etc.
- Makes 6 to 8 carbon copies at a time.
- 14K gold-filled caps.



ORDERS PROMPTLY SHIPPED Gift wrapped at no extra charge.

Ask for brochure of unusual gift ideas.

Mail orders to 1926 Broadway, N. Y. 23

Dynamic ELECTRONICS—NEW YORK, INC.

37 West 57th St.
2 Park Avenue
Broadway at 65th St.

Isabella's BIG Secret by EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP

A New Children's Story

Children everywhere will eagerly welcome this new story about the thrilling experiences of the kindly, lovable old goose, Isabella. A perfect Christmas Gift for children up to 10. Over forty illustrations.

$1.50 *at Bookstores*

or order from the publishers

WINSLOW PRESS

Winchester, Massachusetts

LANGUAGE IS POWER

... Forge ahead, win special assignments, promotion, better job in global peace time opportunities through ability to speak a foreign language.

MASTER A NEW LANGUAGE *quickly, easily, correctly by*

LINGUAPHONE

The world-famous Linguaphone Conversational Method brings voices of native teachers INTO YOUR OWN HOME. You learn the new language by LISTENING. It's amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded.

HOME-STUDY COURSES IN 29 LANGUAGES

Send for FREE book—

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

33 RCA Bldg., New York 20 • Circle 7-0830

Available Under the

G I BILL OF RIGHTS

Send for Information

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
33 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

Language Interested .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

ASSEMBLY

A LONELY figure, slim and tall,
Sad countenanced, with bearded cheek,
Arose, stepped forward in the hall:
"Brothers, may I speak?"

"And who is this strange delegate?"
"What country does he represent?"
"Which measure does he advocate?"
"And is it, now, expedient?"

A plenipotent frown, and then
They turned their eyes to where he stood.
"I represent," he said, "all men.
The word I speak is *brotherhood.*"

Uncertain, with bewildered looks,
Astonished by the speech they heard,
Translators fumbled through their books,
But found no meaning of the word.

The gavel banged upon the stand.
"Enough of that! No time for fools!
Let's get back to the work at hand
And wrangle over conference rules."

On waxed discussion long and loud
Amid logomachy adept;
And somewhere, hidden in the crowd,
Jesus wept.

DAVID H. KISER.

* * *

TO ERNEST DOWSON'S ADELAIDE

Hush, the angels of quick death
Stir back the fog in remembering that face,
For skin-pricked and alive with living breath
Adelaide became a demon out of grace,
Something lost from earth, yet sinister too,
Half the heart-song, less the falling beat
Where vital blood ran in veins of blue
And steamy garlic smells increased the heat,
While with innocent green eyes and smile
She sought a poet to caress her exalted fire.
By greasy food half-tasted, slopped upon the tile,
A shy and hungry singer touched an untouched lyre.
The night grew big with words, London became the flame,
Whose scarlet splendor died in that undying name.

* * *

This summer Captain Roger Whalen Busha of Clinton Corners, N. Y., wrote me a letter I have been meaning to print, together with a poem which I also give to you. He said:

> Tonight with the dripping rain and the Spanish sherry I thought it was time to relax and read. A rare evening for such a thing! So, as I looked over my shelves, with books long in disuse from my sojourn in the Army, I ran over shelf after shelf with unread books begging to be read. Then my eye fell upon a small green volume done up in the art style of Aubrey Beardsley, and I knew my hours would be spent with the shy singer, Ernest Dowson. How many years I knitted up when I reread Arthur Symons's memoir I don't like to think on. So, by the Lane imprint and the Beardsley designs and the Rothenstein portrait I have Dowson's hectic sad life in my hand. I smile when I read marginal meadows in boyish script that shouts: "I find this essay very superficial, beautiful in form but lacking in good red blood. O, are we to have no better monument!" Was I ever that young? You may find this poem I wrote tonight worthy of the Nest.

* * *

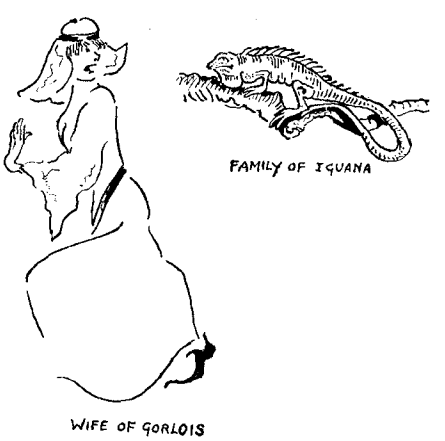
Dove Dulcet kindly tells me:

> The good Bill Hall, the world's widest-ranging book-traveler, is just back from a three-and-a-half month trip to Australia and New Zealand. He is, as you know, partner in Henry M. Snyder and Co., who sell the books of U. S. publishers everywhere except in the U. S. He remarks that he went out in three days (by plane) and came back in thirty (by ship). Aboard the beautiful steamer *Rangitiki*, from Sydney to Halifax (N. S.), he had time to compose the enclosure, which I thought delightfully Nestable both for its echo of a noble thing, and for our international amities with the Diggers. Yrs for the Nestable Children, Dove.

* * *

TINTAGEL AND THE TROPICS

In the big dictionary, I think they're insane



To have the Iguana come after Igraine!
When Uther besieged her, and Gorlois was slain,
She lost (got?) a husband, bewildered Igraine!
Yet a tropical lizard could cause her but pain,
So *why* put it after the sketch on Igraine?
It has also a crest—but it looks like the bane
Of all human beings, including Igraine.

—*William Rose Benét.*

* * *

Norinne Chambers of Washington, D. C., writes me:

> I dare to offer another contribution. I don't know exactly what to call it except what it really is—"After Listening to Beethoven's Third Symphony." Or maybe "The Prisoner."
>
> This flesh, this strong and earthy case;
> Stretched in it is he, pressed upon
> By walls of cold, invulnerable bone,
> Unwilling heir to a detested race.
> He turns his head, he seeks a face
> Friendly, familiar. It is known
> That some go mad shut in by stone
> Or left by error in a foreign place.
> His search is vain—itself betrays
> A madness now or nearly so—
> He sits and listens to the flow
> Of blood on its accustomed ways.
> Then flings himself against the bars
> To stare with weeping at the stars.

* * *

Mary Gnaedinger, of All-Fiction Field, Inc., and editor of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries,* tells me:

> In the Phoenix Nest of August 3, I am pleased to see a reference to J. Leslie Mitchell's "Three Go Back." It will, I think, interest you to hear that the story was used in the December 1943 *Famous Fantastic Mysteries.* It is possible you have not read it, and if not, you might be interested to hear that it is a very delightfully written story. We decided against using "The Gay Hunter" by the same author but perhaps should give it a second look. Also, I shall see if any of the other Mitchell books mentioned by Kenneth Porter in your columns might be suitable.

* * *

And in conclusion I may say that if you are not already Krazy Kat Conscious, as you should be, hasten to procure a copy of "Krazy Kat" by George Herriman, with an introduction by E. E. Cummings, published by Henry Holt and Company! I am convinced this is the best tip I have ever given you.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale, communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 20c per word. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 12c a word; 26 times, 14c a word; 13 times, 17c a word; 6 times, 19c a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

YOUR NAME STAMPED IN 24kt GOLD on any book described or advertised in the Saturday Review at no extra cost. Simply tell us the book you want with the name to be stamped and your order is shipped the same day received. What a wonderful Christmas gift idea! Remittance enclosed (we pay postage) or C. O. D. if you wish. John Landers, 475 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 1-B, N. Y. C.

RUPERT RHODES, "Your New England Neighbor," Dept. 500, Chelmsford, Mass., will send you free illustrated literature on unusual New England products you can't buy anywhere else.

ASSURE YOUR FUTURE, Become more successful, Capture confidence. Voice and speech development, accent correction; public speaking. Actors, singers, lecturers; stage, screen, radio. Pupils accepted on audition only. Beatrice Desfosses, Speech Consultant, Finch College, Private studio: 315 East 68 Street, N. Y. C. Telephone RH 4-8726.

YOUNG WOMAN with social consciousness, varied interests including ice skating and tennis, invites male correspondence. Box 330-S.

MIDDLE AGED, midwestern professional woman seeks correspondence. Box 331-S.

IF YOU WANT TO OPEN A BOOKSTORE THAT WILL COMMAND instant attention in your locality because of an interesting and intriguing stock covering all periods and many subjects, we can help you from our book collections comprising over 50,000 volumes, of scarce, rare, unique books. Your investment can be $1000, $2500, or $5000. Send for details. Box 106-S.

SOUTHERN colored domestics, cooks, maids, housemen, hotel workers desire immediate jobs. Write for catalogue. Enclose $1. Quality Employment Service Assn., 214 East Clay Street, Richmond 19, Va.

A PRIVATE SCHOOL of well born intelligent children needs an elementary teacher. Country, shore, near New York City. Box 332-S.

COLLABORATION, editing, ghost writing, contacts. Author Service, 45-S Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y.

WOMAN WRITER with social bureau and administrative experience desires stimulating part-time work. Box 333-S.

CONNECTION WANTED of editorial nature by former college traveler for large publishing house. Can no longer travel constantly because of family obligations. Wide experience in sales promotion and publicity also in reading manuscripts. Superior scholastic aptitude with special ability in English. Box 334-S.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially licensed and Bonded Service. Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks interesting work, evenings, Saturdays, Manhattan. Box 335-S.

WIDOWER, middle-aged, interested in music, theater and literature would correspond with mature woman with similar or related interests. Box 336-S.

USEFUL PART-TIME WORK earnestly desired in or near Washington by woman of more than average intelligence, education, humor and good looks. Conscientious, willing to take orders or responsibility. Interest in, some knowledge of music, medicine, agriculture, education, people. Fair pianist, knowledge of French, ability with written and spoken word, type. Box 337-S.

YOUNG MAN 25, wants job for winter in sunny south-west. Tutoring, ranch, hotel or what have you? Princeton A.B. fluent French. Salary secondary to pleasant, healthy living conditions. Box 338-S.

SEEING-EYE FOR WRITERS. Recent editorial member large New York publishing house, author of published novels and juvenile, will guide promising talent. Criticism and coaching rates reasonable. Selling aid gratis to regular customers, and your partial manuscript may win contract & advance. Box 151-S.

TALK FRENCH IN 3 MONTHS. Also advanced. Parisian. CO 5-7590, 9-5 weekdays. N. Y. C.

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST for semi-retired scientist-businessman, leaving Manhattan with song in heart, modest financial requirements, Buick, road-map and no destination? Guided tour? Tutor? What? Box 339-S.

YOUNG AUTHOR, writing book would exchange part-time work as waiter in country resort for room and board. Box 340-S.

YOUNG LADY, newcomer to East would like to hear from native Easterners. Box 341-S.

ANN FARBER CANDIES. "The Connoisseur's Treat." Chocolates—$2.50 per pound plus postage outside NYC. Purest ingredients—not factory made. Orders delivered—regularly if desired. 362 East 72nd Street, N. Y. BU 8-4648.

YOUNG WOMAN, musician, college graduate, needs room or apartment, NYC. Sit with children. Box 342-S.

MIDDLE-AGED BACHELOR, Easterner, would appreciate feminine correspondence. Box 343-S.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PERIODICALS simply by asking me for them; any number in one order. Pay after I bill you at publishers' lowest prices. Catalog SR, free. John Crehore, Walpole, N. H.

HAVE YOU A READING PROBLEM CHILD and an *empty room? Honolulu remedial teacher on leave* will exchange tutoring for shelter in New York. Box 344-S.

MALE, desires correspondence. Box 345-S.

UNUSUAL AND EXCITING DUO-CONCERT BARTON MUMAW, dancer, and Del Arden, tenor in nine performances, three different programs, at Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, November 24 through December 1—Tickets $3.60, $2.40, $1.80 at Carnegie Hall Box Office. Mail Orders: Muriel Francis, 745 Fifth Avenue, NYC. PI 9-6949.

STUDY VISION-TRAINING—Anson K. Cross Art Schools. Winter—Atlanta, Georgia; Studio Arts Building, 1161 Peachtree, N. E. Home Study Extension Courses. College Credit Certificate. G. R. Brigham, Ph. D., Director. Write for circular.

ARTIST—Casuality of studio shortage will instruct in painting at students home. Sound experienced approach, N. Y. C. Box 346-S.

WRITERS, SPEAKERS, STUDENTS—Grammar faulty? Will correct manuscripts for errors in English only. (No literary criticism.) Rates: $2 to 10 pages; $5 to 25; $10 to 50; $20 to 100. B. E. Edelstein, 133 Coolidge, Brookline, Mass.

GIRL interested in people who think, invites correspondence. Box 347-S.

"PARIS, MON COEUR." If Paris is in your heart, you will want to own this superb volume containing overover 300 illustrations of and about the "City of Light." Also 10 full-page color reproductions of French paintings. Text, published in Paris, 1945. Price $10.00. Continental Book Center, Inc., 55 West 42 Street, New York 18.

GENTLEMEN will trade for 2-5 room apartment, cold water flat or loft, his '41 Plymouth Conv. (Like New) at ceiling price, opportunity to live unfettered life in Manhattan essential to development of this single, young artist. Any proposition considered. Box 348-S.

RADIO EDITOR invites correspondence of young ladies interested in culture and enamored of life. Box 349-S.

SCARCE BOOKS. Box 224-Q.

MORNING STAR FARM. Autumn & winter guest accommodations, limited three rooms. Tranquil beauty, seclusion, end of road mountain dairy farm. Spacious colonial homestead, fireplaces, steam heat, modern conveniences. Atmosphere informal. Books, extensive collection recorded music. Four hours train from Manhattan. Ideal for creative work. Write: Morning Star Farm, Haydenville RFD, Massachusetts; phone South Deerfield 109-12.

ARTICLES, BOOKS, FICTION, PLAYS, MARKETED. Free reading. Bertha Klausner, 130 East 40 Street, New York 16.

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, BUSINESS BACKGROUND; young woman wants interesting job. Box 897-Q.

CAT-LOVERS! Revel in the special cat number of National Geographic Magazine, replete with color plates, all breeds, only $2.00 postpaid. Send for free list of cat books, prints, etc. Box 716-Q.

WELL-BRED American Woman interested in everything that makes life worth living would like to correspond with professional man of vision. Box 350-S.

CARTOONISTS' "GAGSTER" Topical Service. Free details. Box 80-S.

HERE IS AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT for mother or grandma. Mrs. Humphry Ward's works, 16 volumes, special signed limited edition, illustrated, $38.75. Send for free list of other sets suitable for Christmas gifts. Box 367-S.

EDITRESS, experienced trade magazine styling, rewrite, makeup, production, anxious to trade services for $3000 yearly. Box 351-S.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

WRITERS BEGIN BY LEARNING to write professionally for shut-ins on dogs, fancy fishes, sea shells, people, life in an apartment house from the elevator operator's point of view, or where are you? Box 352-S.

WANTED: Good copies of "Send Me Down" (Knopf, 1941) will buy one or more. H. Steig, 42 West 9 Street, New York 11, N. Y.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on individual gummed labels. 300 for $1. Box 979-K.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, college student, lover of animals and flowers desires varied and stimulating correspondence. Box 353-S.

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE, writer, photographer and flyer seeks to utilize two or more of skills simultaneously. Box 354-S.

HELP FOUND a great magazine "both timely and timeless." Join the Committee of One Hundred. Box 903-P.

NEWSPAPER, THEATRICAL, PUBLICITY, PUBLIC RELATIONS work. Young man desires good connection in East. Will Travel. Box 355-S.

YOUR RELATIVES OVERSEAS WANT THESE DESIRABLE GIFTS (We do the shipping), 3 cartons Philip Morris Cigarettes, $3.75, 10 cartons Philip Morris Cigarettes, $11.50; 3 cartons Marvel Cigarettes, $3.00, 10 Cartons Marvel Cigarettes, $10; 3 Lbs. popular brand tobacco in cans, $5.50; 48 Bars of candy, $3.20. Everything insured, everything guaranteed. You receive notice of export from us. Your name marked on Parcel, as sender. No shipments to Germany or Italy. Send check or money today to ACE MAIL ORDER CO., East Orange 52, N. J., U. S. A.

PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT—Antique Music Box from *Old New England. List upon request.* Box 281-S.

TRY OUR GROUP OF EUROPEANS for translations, research, special typing, lecturing, etc., American Committee for Emigre Scholars, Writers and Artists, 66 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. GR 7-8464, ext. 6.

WANT TO MAKE A GOOD TRADE? Got anything, to buy, sell or swap? Send $1 for 8 months' subscription for YANKEE Magazine. Box SRL, Dublin, New Hampshire. "A Good Trade on Every Page."

SAN FRANCISCO editorial representative for California magazine would extend services to Eastern publisher for moderate fee. Box 356-S.

COLLECT STAMPS WITH A FUTURE! Informative twice-monthly news bulletin free. Box 937-Q.

RESEARCH: Any subject or problem. Chicago's vast resources available to you through our large able staff. Reasonable. Confidential. Write, Research, Suite 904, 203 N. Wabash, Chicago.

ARTIST, DRIVING TO MEXICO early November, wants congenial passenger share expenses. Box 357-S.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY TO INVEST IN SUCCESSFUL publishing business. Qualifications: a knowledge of the advertising game, or a desire to learn it. A permanent career off the beaten path awaits successful applicant. Box 610-Q.

YOUR ANCESTORS? Colonial and Revolutionary data supplied. Box 45-S.

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

YOUNG EDITORIAL ASSISTANT desires new position with agent, magazine, publisher. Versatile, agreeable, experienced; medical, photographic, dramatic, musical. Ex-Air Force. Box 358-S.

HERE IS AN OUTSTANDING CHRISTMAS GIFT for a lover of Anatole France, autograph edition, first volume signed by France, 30 volumes, published at $300.00 brand new set, only $137.50. Send for free list of other sets suitable for Christmas gifts. Box 368-S.

ELDERLY KINDERGARTEN DIRECTOR, idealistic, lonely, wishes male correspondence. Box 359-S.

A FELLOWSHIP OF $85 per month in the Human Engineering Laboratory is open to a young man or woman who is interested in people and likes to do research. A high vocabulary college graduate is acceptable. Box 277-S.

NO MATTER if you haven't been west of the Hudson, you will still enjoy reading the SOUTHWEST REVIEW. $2.00 a year. Southwest Review, S. M. U., Dallas, Texas.

EASTERN WOMAN invites mature male correspondence. Box 360-S.

AUTHOR'S RESEARCH by young writer, expert with references, linguist. Box 368-S.

FEMALE 23, seriously wants opportunity in theatre as third assistant stage manager, director. Jose Ferrer (Times Oct. 27) thinks I'll never be great playwright otherwise. I'm inclined to agree. Box 361-S.

NEWSPAPERMAN, Harvard A.B., 20 years experience, Metropolitan dailies, research, publicity, seeks editorial position, NYC. Box 362-S.

YOUNGISH CITY-DWELLER, nature, theatre, music lover, invites correspondence cultured, mature country gentleman. Box 363-S.

SOLVE THE MEAT SHORTAGE PROBLEM, now and forever! Send for "100 Meat-Substitute Dishes," protein-providing, hunger-satisfying, varied, healthful, tasty and tested. $1.00 postpaid. Also free list of 350 cook books, all periods, all nations. Box 297-S.

CAN YOU SUGGEST NOW, execute next Summer, a stimulating program of adult cultural activity for a resort hotel already distinguished for cleverly planned superlative food, vacation facilities and services, high rates, and keen dignified friendly guest-interest? Must be exciting, outstanding, newsworthy. Write Edgar V. M. Gilbert, The Grand View Hotel at Lake Placid, N. Y. P. S.—Other jobs open, too.

EDITING, translating, typing, indexing, proof-reading in English, French, German by thoroughly experienced Master of Arts. First class references. Charlotte Kahler, 135 East 50 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED intelligently by veteran. William Kelly, MA 4-1333, NYC.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING. Illuminated medieval manuscript pages. Miniatures, music, breviary leaves; rich colors. Leaves from noted presses, Otto F. Ege collection. Two to one hundred dollars. Catalog. Staff, Public Library, Lima, Ohio.

A YOUNG MIDWESTERN BACHELOR who loves the arts would hear from contemporaries. Box 364-S.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A QUIET PLACE TO WORK OR RELAX? Come to the "Yankee Clipper" at Rockport, Mass., a beautiful modern home right on the ocean, open year round, delicious meals. Rooms with bath, beautifully furnished. $45, $50, $55 per week, American Plan, 127 Granite St., Tel. Rockport 507.

INTERESTING YOUNG MAN desires exciting feminine correspondence. Box 366-S.

EX-PSYCHOLOGIST and Red Crosser with varied experience wishes research-sec'y job in international affairs or allied field. Other opportunities considered. Box 370-S.

EXCELLENT SPANISH in exchange for English diction, phonetics. Box 371-S.

URGENT! Mother, college daughter desire apartment (lease, sublet or accommodations private home). NYC. References. Box 372-S.

WANTED: Copy editor extraordinary. Languages; superior background; wide experience; for major book publisher. Box 373-S.

BERNARD SHAW postcard portrait; signed autobiographical note. Box 375-S.

EASTERN FEMALE interested in sports, music, theatre, literature, invites male correspondence. Box 374-S.

IS THERE A CONGENIAL EASTERN LADY, who for fun and pleasure, wants to correspond with lonely, unattached gentleman past middle age? Box 376-S.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks winter job, Boston or New York. Literature and music background; good typist. References. Box 377-S.

UNHAPPY HUMORIST desires male correspondence in centralizing ideas. Interested art, music, writing, classical, medieval lore. Afraid spreading self too thinly. Unusual young girl. Box 378-S.

FIFTYISH FEMALE would exchange services as companion for a warm climate. Box 379-S.

YOUNG VETERAN attending college invites male, female correspondents. Box 380-S.

NORWEGIAN ELKHOUNDS, dogs of the Vikings. Beautiful pedigreed puppies for sale in time for Christmas. These intelligent, sturdy, companionable dogs make excellent pets for children and adults. Box 381-S.

YOUNG WRITER wanted for part-time office work, 10 A. M.-12 M. daily, in exchange for studying with internationally known writer, playwright, teacher. Box 382-S.

GIRL ATTORNEY, 30, dramatic, creative mind seeks NYC opportunity to work with similar mind. Will do steno if opportunity, good. Box 254-S.

WEEK-END ASSISTANT. Veteran writer is dropping magazine work to write two novels but must eat. Can revise your story or article according to editors' most recent demands, do rewrite where necessary and generally help whip your manuscript into shape for Monday morning. BU 4-7047, N. Y. C.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1899. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

FINE BINDINGS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A COLLECTOR to enjoy fine bindings. Let us bind your favorite books in exquisite quarter, half, or full leather with hand-tooled gold lettering and edges. Write for full specifications and prices. Ask us about repairing valued old books. The Warwick Book Press, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE—Manuscripts excellently typed. Intelligent personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 Street, N. Y. C. LE 2-4770.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT services for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

COMPLETE AUTHOR'S SERVICE: manuscript appraisal, editing, marketing, criticism. Profitable guidance for beginners. New clients welcomed. Authors' and Publishers' Service, 31 West 92 Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., N. Y. C. PL 3-1364.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42 Street, New York 18, N. Y.

ELEANOR KING literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM, EDITING, RE-WRITING. Wide experience. Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17, MU 6-7096.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Educational, literary, economic, historical investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE WELL DRESSED MANUSCRIPT. Fifty cents a thousand. Slips of the pen corrected. Asa Wilgus, Millbrook, New York.

CLASSIFIED

EDITING, revision, ghostwriting: labor, psychology, economics, fiction. Phone, WO 2-5827. N. Y. C.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. Irene Herlocker. 6346 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.

BOOKS

BRITANNICA ENCYCLOPEDIA, 14th ed. 24 vol. $70; Arabian Nights, Burton translation, 16 volume set, $38; Britannica Junior Encyclopedia, 1945, 12 vol. set, $49; Catholic Encyclopedia, 16 volume set, ¾ leather, $70; Chronicles of America, 50 volumes, extra illustrated, $95; Dickens' Complete Works, 20 volume set, nice print, $15; Encyclopedia Social Sciences, complete in 8 volumes, $100; Harvard Classics, 20 volumes fiction, $20, 50 volumes nonfiction, $30; Ingersoll's Complete Works, ¾ leather, 12 volumes, $35; Jewish Encyclopedia, ¾ leather, 12 volumes, F & W. set, $75; Mark Twain's Works, 24 volumes, Deluxe set, nice print, $20; Literary Mart, 8 East 33 Street, New York 16.

ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C. First editions, good books. Books by and about Walt Whitman.

OLD, RARE, RECENT, OUT-OF-PRINT. Large Stock on hand of fiction, literature, Americana, sets occult, biographies, etc. Quotations free. Catalogs issued. Inquiries solicited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mount Vernon, N. Y.

DRINK MIXING RECIPES: "Here's How," cleverly illustrated, tells exactly how to mix 250 world famous recipes covering every type of drink. Best recommendation: More than 50,000 copies sold without advertising. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid, $1.50. Write for catalog. The Old Log House, Box 7222, Asheville, N. C.

OUT-OF-PRINT

RARE, RECENT, AND OLD BOOKS. We can find them. Belwin Book Service, P. O. Box 41, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT Books Supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 18870 Marx Avenue, Detroit 3, Michigan.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS LOCATED. Any subject. No obligations. Send list to: ROBERT SPENCER, Bookseller, 260 East Vernor, Detroit 1, Mich.

CHALLENGE US TO LOCATE those "Hard-to-Find" books you want! Spotlight, 141 Broadway, N. Y. C.

BOOKS FOR SALE

IF YOU HAVE EXHAUSTED Eastern markets in your efforts to locate scarce, unusual, and rare books, why not write to H. H. Evans, Bookseller, 3319 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California? He has the best stock of used books West of the Mississippi.

LANGUAGES

LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER, Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

FRENCH phonetics, grammar, conversation, diction, by Parisienne. (Sorbonne University) RE 7-4606, N. Y. C.

29 LANGUAGES by LINGUAPHONE. Russian, Spanish, French, German. Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Available under GI Bill of Rights. Send for Free book. Linguaphone Institute, 26 RCA Bldg., New York 20. CI 7-0830.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c. Books bought.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON, The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES FOR BOOKLOVERS. Designed especially for you. Samples and sketches upon request. C. Valentine Kirby, 154 Willow Avenue, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 660

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

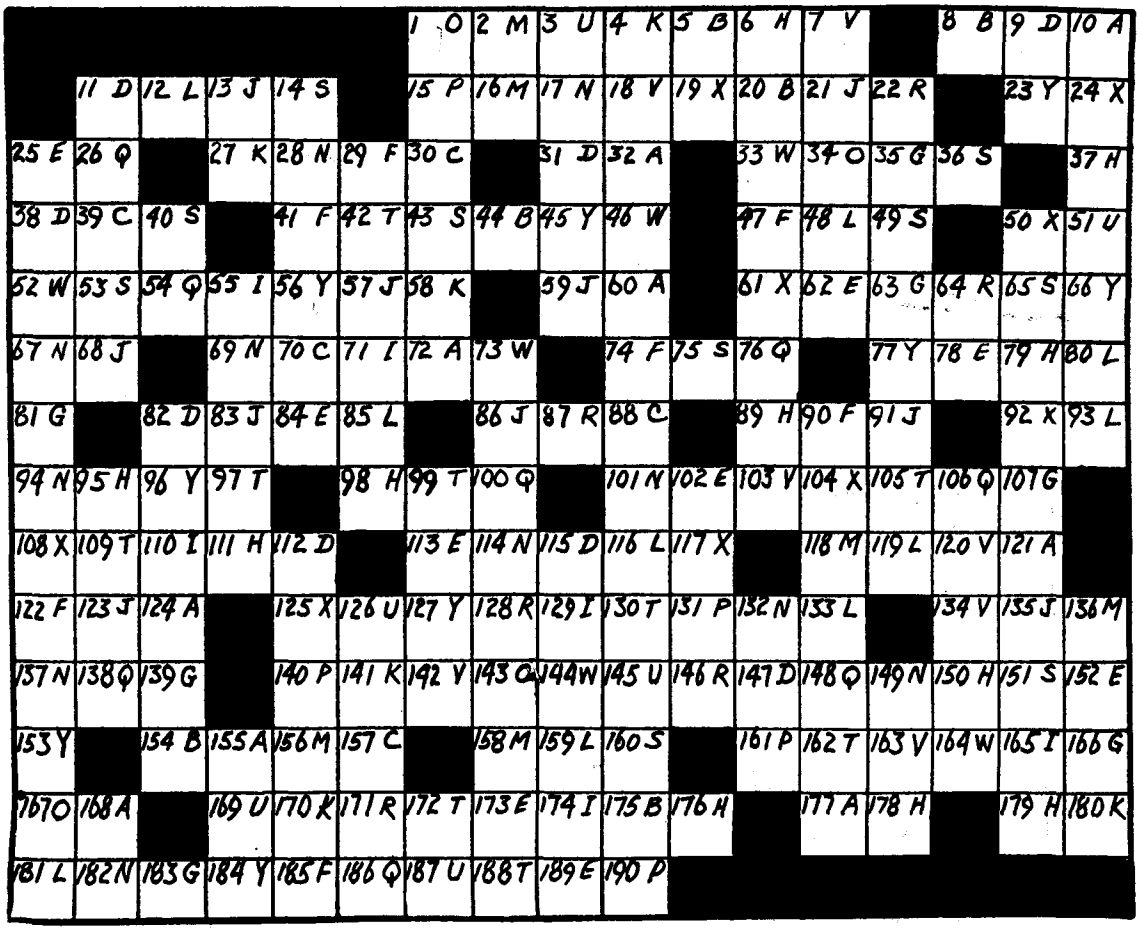
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
The osprey, called also "breakbones."	177 124 10 155 60 32 72 168 121
Exclamatory phrase used in calling or hailing (2 wds.).	154 5 20 175 8 44
Son of Odin, god of Winter, who unwittingly slew Balder (Norse Myth.).	157 39 88 30 70
Teacher of Horace; a flogging schoolmaster.	31 38 11 9 82 115 147 112
A grade beneath the highest, esp. in English schools (2 wds.).	152 78 113 173 102 84 189 25 62
A biblical or rabbinic commandment (Jewish Relig.).	41 122 47 185 29 74 90
Placed apart, as on an island.	63 107 166 139 183 81 35
Resolute; obstinate (Comp.).	176 89 150 37 178 79 98 179 95 6 111
Austrian statesman; chancellor of the Republic in 1918.	110 55 174 129 71 165
Plato's original name.	86 21 83 68 123 59 57 135 91 13
A horizontal member spanning an opening to carry a superstructure (Arch.).	27 180 141 4 58 170
Russian poet, also translator of Heine, Byron, Tennyson (1825-93).	93 80 85 133 159 116 48 119 12 181
American industrialist and politician asso. with founding Cooper Union, N. Y.; made first American steel.	2 136 118 16 156 158

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. English philanthropist and lord mayor of London, of legendary fame (1358?-1423).	101 114 182 17 132 28 137 69 149 94 67
O. Over again; fresh.	34 167 143 1
P. His real name was Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov (1870-1924).	15 161 131 140 190
Q. A person or thing practically worthless from deterioration, etc. (2 wds.).	76 106 186 100 138 54 148 26
R. Hard to manage, as a child (esp. U. S.).	128 146 87 171 64 22
S. Profits of a crop (Law).	160 43 151 63 49 40 36 75 14 65
T. Member of the church body that settled Germantown, Pa., in 1683.	172 42 97 99 109 162 188 105 130
U. Applied to a writ giving to a creditor temporary possession of his debtor's lands (Local U.S. law).	169 126 187 3 51 145
V. The scarlet tanager.	7 18 163 134 103 120 142
W. Old-fogyish (Colloq.).	144 73 164 33 52 46
X. In different circumstances.	24 104 117 125 19 108 50 92 61
Y. Applied to the "Treaty" signed at the Washington Conference, Feb. 6, 1922 (Comp.).	77 184 56 153 127 66 23 96 45

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle ou must guess twenty-ld words, the definiions of which are given the column headed EFINITIONS. The letrs in each word to be uessed are numbered. hese numbers appear nder the dashes in the lumn headed WORDS. here is a dash for each tter in the required ord. The key letters in e squares are for conenience, indicating to hich word in the defiitions each letter in the iagram belongs. When ou have guessed a word, 'l it in on the dashes; 'en write each letter in e correspondingly numered square of the puzzle iagram. When the uares are all filled in ou will find (by reading om left to right) a otation from a famous uthor. Read up and own the letters mean othing. The black uares indicate ends of ords; words do not necsarily end at the right de of the diagram.

When the column eaded WORDS is filled , the initial letters spell he name of the author nd the title of the piece om which the quotation s been taken. Authorfor spelling and definitions is Webster's New nternational Dictionary econd edition).

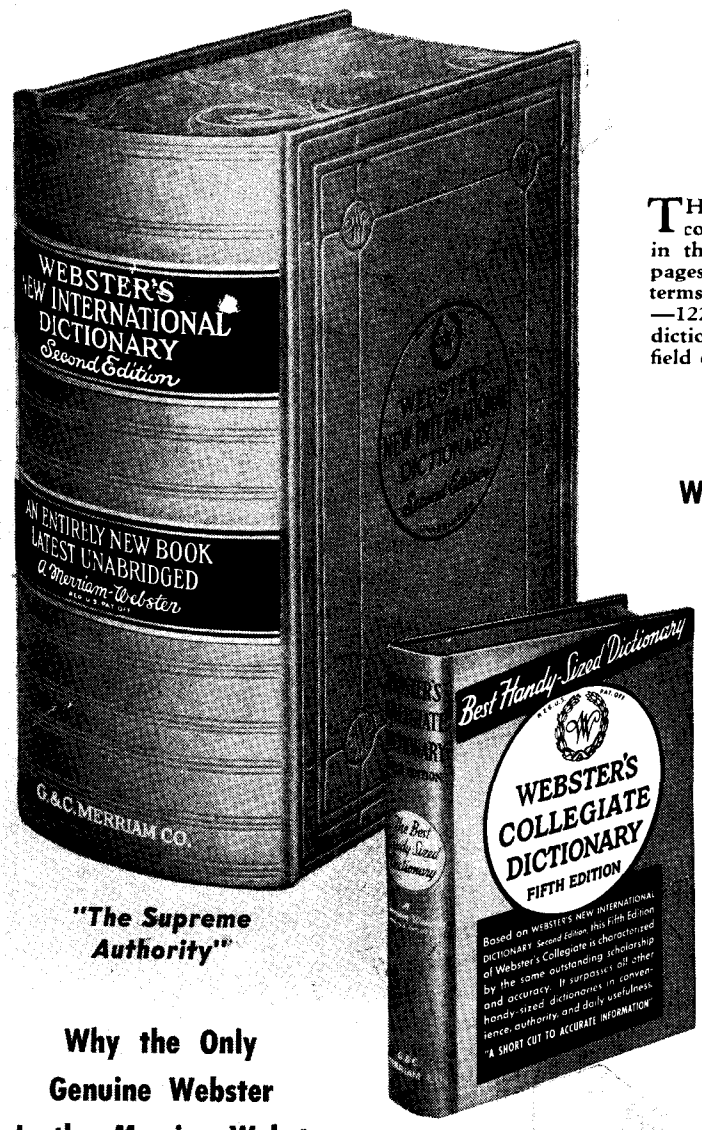


Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EACH IS A *Merriam*-WEBSTER

for a century the most famous name in dictionaries



"The Supreme Authority"

Why the Only Genuine Webster Is the *Merriam*-Webster

MORE than a century ago, G. & C. Merriam Company bought the exclusive rights to publish Webster's Dictionary. Through the years, with each new edition, Merriam has constantly enlarged the scope and usefulness of Noah Webster's original work, until today the names MERRIAM and WEBSTER are equally important in identifying "The Supreme Authority." The genuine Webster always bears the name "A Merriam-Webster" on the binding and title page. Always look for this identification, not only when you ask for the large and unabridged MERRIAM-WEBSTER, but also when you ask for the handy-sized *Webster's Collegiate, Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms,* or *Webster's Biographical Dictionary.* Every Merriam-Webster is edited with the same scholarship recognized by the English-speaking world as "The Supreme Authority." Merriam-Websters are available at your bookdealer's, or write to the publishers for descriptive leaflets.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS.

The Unabridged Merriam-Webster

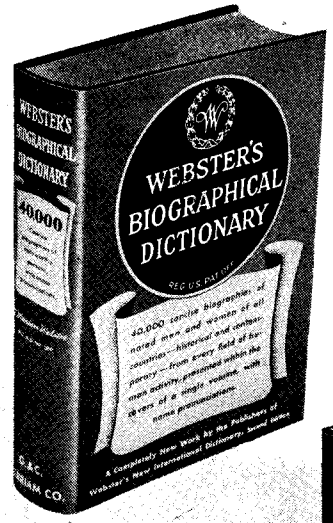
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
Second Edition

THE only unabridged dictionary completely revised and rewritten in three decades. Contains 3,350 pages, illustrations for 12,000 terms, and a total of 600,000 entries —122,000 more than any other dictionary. 207 experts in every field of knowledge were engaged in the preparation of this famous volume, known as "The Supreme Authority" in courts, schools, newspapers, business and Government offices. It is the foundation book for every home. Prices, according to bindings, start at $25.00.

The Handy-Sized Merriam-Webster

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY *Fifth Edition*

THE best handy-sized dictionary. Based on WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY *Second Edition,* this volume is characterized by the same outstanding scholarship and accuracy. It contains 110,000 entries. Definitions are authoritative, clear, easy to understand. 1,800 illustrations. Included are pronouncing dictionaries of geography and biography, rules for punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations used in writing and printing, etc. 1,274 pages. Prices, according to bindings, start at $5.00.



The Merriam-Webster Book of Biographies

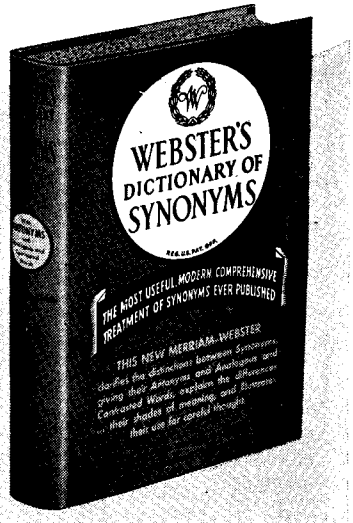
WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

PREPARED by the famed Merriam-Webster editorial staff, this single volume contains more than 40,000 concise biographies. It includes scientists, statesmen, generals, rulers, explorers, writers, painters, actors, etc., etc. The most inclusive one-volume biographical work ever issued. 1,736 pages, with thumb index. $7.50.

The Merriam-Webster Book of Synonyms

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS

THE book to help you use the right word in the right place. Prepared by the famed Merriam-Webster editorial staff. Clarifies the distinctions between Synonyms, giving their Antonyms and Analogous and Contrasted Words, explains the differences in their shades of meaning, and illustrates usage. 944 pages, with thumb index. $5.00


WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS
THE MOST USEFUL MODERN COMPREHENSIVE TREATMENT OF SYNONYMS EVER PUBLISHED
THIS NEW MERRIAM-WEBSTER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED